THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

March, 1806.

DUCHESS OF GORDON.

[With a beautiful Portrait.]

THAT affability of manners is a general passport to public favor, and that an imperious haughtiness of demeanour excites disgust, when it aims at inspiring respect, is a truth which every observer of human nature will unquestionably grant.

That insinuating kind of urbanity which imperceptibly forces a passage to the feelings, the subject of the present memoir possesses in an eminent degree; and without any display of pomp and ostentation, is no less esteemed than admired. Cheerfulness, and Good-humour, appear to be the Duchess of Gordon's handmaids. She is the avowed enemy of formality, discontent, and spleen: the benignant smile of affability beams upon her expressive countenance; and her presence, like that of the sun, enlivens society by its vivifying light.

Sir William Maxwell, of Monteith, in the county of Lanark, was the father of this brilliant star of fashion, which has so long illuminated our terrestrial sphere; and, according to the account of different biographers, five and-fifty years have elapsed since it

first appeared. At the youthful age of seventeen, Miss Maxwell bestowed her hand upon the present Duke of Gordon, and from this elevated alliance obtained the power of displaying the natural bias of a liberal mind, at a period of life when parental authority generally constrains natural propensities, and demands a tacit submission to its decrees.

Athol House soon became the seat of cheerfulness and hospitality; and though ceremony was abolished, propriety reigned: the mornings were generally spent in the healthful exercises of the country; and the evenings were either devoted to music, or the festive dance. In the younger part of her Grace's life, she appeared to have a decided aversion to every species of gambling; it was merely in compliance with the wishes of her company, that she ever touched a card: her attachment to music and dancing was carried almost to enthusiasm; the one, she said, conduced to the health of the body, and the other harmonized the soul.

Admired and courted, as her Grace was, in the circle of fashion, and actually considered as the inspirer of gaiety, and the infuser of elegance and taste, yet she never for one moment became unmindful of the duties of a parent; or suffered the allurements of pleasure to render her inattentive to the improvement of her childrens' minds. If the Duchess of Gordon's manners were calculated to excite admiration in public society, where the sallies of a lively imagination imperceptibly attract applause, yet it must be allowed, that her character appears still more alluringly amiable, when we behold her anxiously superintending the education of her son. To the maternal attention of his mother, the Marquis of Huntley owes much of that affection and respect which his amiable qualities have inspired; for at that period of life when boys are chiefly under feminine tuition, she took the utmost pains to implant the seeds of virtue and honor in his breast.

Her Grace's daughters (who are five in number) are the most striking proofs that can be given of the advantages which arise from maternal care; for affability and information are so happily blended together, that it is difficult to say for which the Duchess of Gordon's offspring is the most admired. Nature has been profuse in her gifts to the accomplished females; and Fortune, it must be allowed, has not been blind to their worth. Lady Charlotte, the eldest, is united to the heir of the Duke of Richmond; Lady Madelina is married to Sir Robert Sinclair; Lady Susan is Duchess of Manchester; Lady Louisa is now Marchioness Cornwallis; and Lady Georgiana (the youngest) is wife to the Duke of Bedford, the richest English peer, and lately appointed Viceroy of Ireland.

In alliances so splendid, maternal ambition must be gratified. Yet, alas! at the shrine of Ambition we too often behold the sacrifice of domestic peace! The Duchess of Gordon, however, it is believed, enjoys the secret satisfaction of knowing her childrens' happiness has not fallen a victim to ostentatious pride; and that the union of each has been a marriage of affection, not a contract formed for convenience, without consulting the parties' choice.

That her Grace not only possesses a good, but a superior understanding, is evident, or gentlemen of the first abilities would not be proud of appearing in her train. In her society, party spirit seems to lose its animosity; for at the Duchess of Gordon's assemblies, men of the most opposite opinions meet. The Heir-apparent is a known admirer of her Grace's abilities. In short, her conversationary talents excite pleasure in the mind of every man of sense; and though her Grace must feel flattered by the attentions of so distinguished a personage, yet they reflect as much credit upon the judgment of his Royal Highness, as upon herself.

To patronize merit, and draw it from obscurity, is a trait in the Duchess of Gordon's character which can never be sufficiently admired: it spreads over it a radiance which makes it appear truly brilliant, and at once animates and touches the very chords of the heart. To the fostering hand of the Duchess of Gordon, does that celebrated Scotch composer, Neil Gow, owe his musical fame; for struck with the harmony of a piece of music which he had composed as a tribute of gratitude to the memory of his deceased benefactor, Mr. Moray, she resolved to reward this modern Apollo for the beauty of his strains.

Simple circumstances are frequently the making of a man's fortune. But the musician alluded to, is not the only person whose prosperity has been derived from the same source; for the patronage of her Grace has often been the means of throwing plenty into the lap of indigence, by calling forth those talents which obscurity must otherwise have concealed. The lowest peasantry in Scotland enjoy the advantages of education; and Nature, it must be allowed, appears peculiarly to be their friend; for though they may be accused of servility of manners, they doubtless possess an uncommon portion of good sense. A young man who had been educated at a charitable seminary, and who had for some few years acted as usher in the school where he was brought up, feeling a self-confidence in the abilities Nature had bestowed upon him, resolved, like many of his countrymen, to try his fortune in this part of the world. Unprotected by friends, and unassisted by fortune, this enterprizing youth arrived in town, and immediately inserted an advertisement in the papers, in the hope of obtaining a situation as usher, or merchant's clerk. Unfortunately, he never recollected that the testimony of a good character was essential. The few pounds he had brought with him soon were gone: to the manners of the country he was a total stranger, and he was exposed to all the misery of want. To this dreadful

dreadful situation he was reduced, when the thought of applying to the Duchess of Gordon struck him; but he was rudely repulsed by the surly guardian of the door. Distress, however, made him bold: he watched the carriage, and obtained admission, in spite of the poverty of his garb.

With condescending sweetness, her Grace listened to his simple narrative; and finding, from his conversation, that a strong mind had been carefully improved, she immediately wrote into Scotland, and obtaining testimonies of the goodness of his character, she recommended him to a gentleman who at that period was high in power, and obtained, through his means, a situation for the Caledonian, which his qualifications doubtless deserved, but which, without the fostering aid of a protectress, he must have sighed for, and sought in vain!

This is *one* among the many instances of her Grace's philanthropy; but it is sufficient to evince the benevolence of her heart; a heart which takes a warm interest in the happiness of her fellow creatures, and tenderly sympathizes in the sorrows of the distrest.

ANECDOTE OF THEMISTOCLES.

THE people of ATHENS laughed at THEMISTOCLES, and openly reviled him even in the streets, because he was ignorant of the manners of the world, the *ton* of good company, and that accomplishment which is called *good breeding*. He retorted, however, upon these ignorant railers with the keenest asperity: "It is true," said he, "I never play upon the lute; but I know how to raise a small and inconsiderable city to greatness and to glory."

OLD WOMAN.

NO. XCI.

Why knits my dear her angry brow?
What rude offence alarms you now?
I said that Delia's fair, 'tis true,
But did I say she equall'd you?
Can't I another's face commend,
Or to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead lours,
As if her merit equall'd yours?
From female envy never free,
Must all be blind because you see?

MOORE.

THOUGH it certainly does little credit to the sex, it must be allowed that it is impossible to praise one who is absent, without offending the present; and it is rare, indeed, that a woman will advocate the cause of an individual female, however ready she may be to contend for the honor and interest of the whole class to which she belongs. A man will often do justice to talents and merits in another, which he is sensible he does not possess himself; but a woman will feel and resent it as a personal reflection, to hear of praises in which she does not participate, or of compliments not directed to herself. Even among sisters, the principles of envy and jealousy are early sown; and it appears impossible to eradicate them. Some superior minds, indeed, are exempted from those mean despicable passions; but the exceptions are so few, as only to confirm the truth of the general observation.

It is not, however, to envy or rivalry, that I wish to confine my remarks. The envious person, by a wise dispensation of Providence, is generally the only sufferer; but it is far otherwise when jealousy is allowed to enter the heart, and to shade the mind. In that case, the lover, or the husband, is rendered wretched, and often contemptible, without probably having

having it in his power to avert his fate, and sometimes without affording a shadow of an excuse for the misfortunes to which he is doomed. Were the jealous only to suffer, justice would have nothing to complain of; but when, on slight grounds, either sex disturbs the peace of the other by this malignant and jaundiced passion, they become criminal in the sight of Heaven, and the objects of deserved aversion to their fellow-creatures.

I will not deny that jealousy may exist in men as well as in women; but it is less frequent, I believe, and its consequences are generally less fatal. It is, therefore, to guard the young and inexperienced of my own sex, that I produce some instances of the baneful effects of female jealousy. Alas! they are not the fictions of imagination, but a very few out of numbers that my own recollection might readily produce.

Hortensius, a man of cultivated taste, became acquainted with Tempesta. He was some years younger than her; and, in fact, was a novice in the art of love. She had the cunning to make herself appear amiable in his eyes, by concealing the deformities of her temper, and making the best use of those charms and allurements which Nature had given her. Though her heart had become callous to the arrows of Cupid, from a repetition of disappointments, she made him believe that he was the only person who had ever engaged her affections. She affected to be miserable when she did not see him at the moment he had engaged to visit her; and though he once ran the risk of being drowned from an occasional flood, in order that he might be punctual to his appointment, he found her in tears, and ready to upbraid him for the lateness of his appearance. This trait of her character ought to have convinced him, that she would be a jealous and a suspicious wife; but, poor man! he ignorantly and innocently set it down for love; and, to make short, married her—and never saw another happy

happy day. His business, by which he was to support both her and himself, required that he should be often out of her sight. She complained that she was left alone; and those moments which ought to have been sacred to domestic endearments, were spent, on her part, in ungrateful and undutiful repinings. He was laboring for a maintenance, and deserved to have his home made comfortable, and his hours of relaxation happy; but the reverse was his fate; yet he ceased not to struggle for independence; and though he felt the misery of his situation, he had the resolution to pursue the path which his duty indicated.

Hitherto she had not troubled him with her jealousies: but when, by rendering him miserable, she had rendered him reserved, and saw that it was natural for him to be cheerful when he met with a congenial mind, she began to watch every motion, and every look, and to pester him with her suspicions. She abused every female to whom he paid the slightest attention; and some affected friends, though real enemies, encouraging her unhappy propensity to be jealous, she soon found sufficient pretexts to make herself appear aggrieved, and her husband not only wretched, but ridiculous. He repelled her base insinuations with the consciousness of rectitude: but when she had worked him up to a passion, her jealousy made her interpret it as a sense of his guilt, and his reputation suffered in proportion as he studied to preserve it untarnished. The history of Tempesta's jealousy, and the unaccountable incidents on which it fixed for evidences of its justice, would extend in detail to volumes. Suffice it to say, that Hortensius, finding it impossible, by any correctness of conduct, to escape censure, gradually became alienated from his wife, and sought that consolation abroad, which he would have been happy to have found at home. At first he was miserable; in the end he became criminal; and who under similar circumstances

can

can say, he would have had the resolution to have acted better? His credit was lost before he had been guilty of a single error; and at length he became indifferent to that opinion which had stigmatized him when innocent. Yet to the last, he had no taste for vicious indulgences; and had not Tempesta been naturally jealous, he would never have given her real occasion to be so. She died of a broken heart: her husband did not long survive her; and, perhaps, owed his end to the same cause, for he never knew the sweets of peace.

Flavia was wedded to Serenus before either of them had acquired experience, or knew how to conduct themselves as managers of a family. Their fortune, however, was liberal, and for a few years they seemed to enjoy it without reflection, and to be as happy as fashionable dissipation could make them. They had three children, two boys, and a girl, when Amanda was introduced into the family, as a friend and companion of Flavia's. She made a long visit; and her company was so agreeable to the latter, that she urged her speedily to return, and to consider ——— Hall as her home. Serenus had a real affection for his wife; and being possessed of natural good sense, which years had improved, he began to reflect on his past imprudence, and wished to retrench. He had no objection to Amanda's company; but as he found she in some measure withdrew his wife's attention from him, and engaged her in unnecessary expenses, he gently remonstrated against her being domesticated in his family. His wife burst into tears, declared she was the only friend she wished to see, and thought it hard she could not have an attachment of which he could not possibly be jealous. He soothed her with the assurance, that he had no object but a regard to their increasing family; and that her desire for the society of Amanda should meet with no farther interruption from him. She speedily arrived. Serenus gradually became pleased with her company, which

which he had at first submitted to out of compliment to his wife; for strife and contention to him were more dreadful than any possible sacrifice he could make. No sooner, however, did Flavia perceive that he felt a pleasure in conversing with Amanda, than she began to pout, though without explaining the cause; and both Serenus and Amanda were at a loss to guess the cause of the alteration they discovered in her behaviour. This naturally made them more confidential; for both the husband and the friend were anxious to see her happy; but this very circumstance tended to add fuel to that jealousy which had taken place in Flavia's breast, and it was not long before it displayed itself in all its deformity. Serenus, in the most delicate and affectionate terms, urged his innocence, and that he deserved rather thanks than censure for the readiness of his compliance with Flavia's wishes. His pleas, though just, were disregarded; and Amanda, from a natural mildness of temper, could not see with indifference the victim of her friend's jealousy. The transition from pity to love is so easy, that the result may easily be foreseen. Serenus detested nothing so much as trouble: he could not endure to be ruffled; and finding his wife unhappily only studious to increase his misery and her own, in an evil hour prevailed on Amanda to elope with him, and left his Flavia to her fate. His justice, however, induced him to take care to provide for her in the amplest manner; and his attachment to his children was not diminished by the crime he had committed. Flavia saw her error, but it was too late; and ruin was entailed on three persons, through the imprudence and jealousy of one of them. Too frequently, indeed, does situation and circumstance determine actions, though principle ought to direct. Serenus and Amanda were highly criminal, but they were injured before they became so. Had unjust suspicion never lighted on them, they probably would never have thought of incurring its slightest

breath.

breath. Frail in their nature, mankind are apt to forget the superior interests of another world, in trying to escape the ills of this. But every dereliction of duty plunges them deeper into misery; and the temporary pang they have endeavoured to escape at the expense of religion and honor, never fails to load them with an accumulation of woes, as Serenus and Amanda had speedily reason to feel.

(To be concluded in the next.)

TO THE OLD WOMAN.

AT the time, my respectable and venerable old Lady, that the nation is anxious to testify their heart-felt gratitude for the services of our ever-to-be-lamented Nelson, ought it not to be taken into consideration, to pay some token of regard to the exertions of his son-in-law, Captain Josiah Nesbit? This young officer, in the engagement off Cape St. Vincent, then a Lieutenant, missing his valiant father-in-law, turned back, and, after some search in the dark, found him extended on the ground, with his arm shattered, and apparently lifeless.

In our immortal Hero's letter to his amiable Lady on this occasion, he made the following mention of the circumstance alluded to: "I know it will add much to your pleasure, in finding that your son Josiah, under God's providence, was instrumental in saving my life."

Let us hope, therefore, my dear Madam, that you, who are probably a mother, perhaps a grand-mother, nay, possibly a great grand-mama, will enter into the feelings of a parent, and acknowledge that some sort of notice should be taken of this young man, who, forgetful of his own personal safety, went back in search of his father-in-law, who would otherwise have been lost to his country in the year 1797! I have

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have not the honor of being a *parent;* but I feel as a patriot; and as we are indebted to Nelson for the victories of Copenhagen, the Nile, and Trafalgar, some token of respect and gratitude is due from the nation for the exertion of Captain Nesbit, who has hitherto been overlooked; not, we will hope, from inattention, but from the bustle attending the last honors paid to this great man, the saviour of his country. I hope, dear Madam, that a descendant of yours may one day deserve as much from Old England. May he, like Captain Nesbit, meet with some disinterested, grateful heart, anxious, like me, to summon the attention of his country; and that the effort may be crowned with success, is the sincere wish and prayer of SELIMA.

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES THE TWELFTH.

ONE day, as Charles XII. of Sweden, was dictating some letters to his secretary, to be sent to court, a bomb fell on the house, pierced the roof, and burst near the apartment in which he was. One half of the floor was shattered to pieces; but the king's closet, being partly surrounded by a thick wall, suffered no damage; and, by an astonishing piece of fortune, one of the splinters, which flew about in the air, entered at the closet door, which happened to be open. The report of the bomb, and the noise it occasioned in the house, which seemed ready to tumble, induced the secretary to drop his pen. "What is the reason," said the king, with a tranquil air, "that you do not continue writing?" The secretary could only say, "Ah, Sire! the bomb!" "Well," replied the king, "what has the bomb to do with the letter I am dictating to you? Go on!"

THE

THE LOVERS:

A SPANISH ROMANCE.

[*Translated from the French of* M. FLORIAN.]

AT the early age of seventeen, Isabella was left an orphan, and heiress to an immense fortune; which, in addition to her beauty and accomplishments, rendered her a most desirable object to most of the youthful cavaliers in Granada. She was left under the guardianship of an old uncle, obstinate and covetous, named Alonzo, who designed to unite his rich and lovely niece with his son Henriquez, a dull student at Salamanca. Alonzo, vigilantly careful of his charge, never suffered her to quit the house but to attend mass, whither he also attended her, more through motives of avarice than devotion, lest he should be robbed of his fair treasure by one of the numerous cavaliers who repaired daily to chapel to catch a glimpse of the beautiful Isabella. Among the most admired nobles of the city, was Don Pedro, a captain in the cavalry, moderately rich, of an illustrious house, and distinguished for his gallantries. His amiable manners, and graceful figure, attracted the admiration of all the ladies in Granada; but Isabella alone had power to attract Don Pedro, and he had soon the satisfaction of knowing that she did not regard him with indifference; but suffered the painful mortification of passing two months without daring to address her. At length he contrived to put a letter in her hand, in which he revealed his passion, in terms likely to interest a heart even less tender than that of the charming Isabella. Agreeable as this declaration was, female delicacy dictated the necessity of appearing indignant, and Isabella returned Don Pedro's letter; but her memory was retentive, and every passionate sentence was treasured in her mind, with sentiments most advantageous to the writer. Don Pedro,

too ardent to be easily discouraged, made a second attempt; and Isabella, unwilling to appear ungrateful, condescended to reply; and her lover, emboldened by his success, presumed to solicit an interview, which, after a long sacrifice to self-denial, was permitted; and at the still hour of midnight, according to the Spanish custom, Don Pedro stationed himself beneath her window. The lattice was opened softly; the lovely Isabella appeared, and, in a tremulous voice, pronounced her lover's name. Don Pedro was transported with joy, and gazed delighted on the features of his mistress, whose veil fell carelessly on her shoulder, and whose fine eyes beamed a lively pleasure, reflected by the brilliant moonbeams, which illumined the scene, and increased the delight of this unrestrained interview. A thousand times Don Pedro repeated vows of eternal fidelity, and received from Isabella assurances equally tender, till the dawn of day warned them to separate, when the friendly zephyrs wafted the parting salute which the envious bars denied.

The window at which Isabella had given her lover this meeting, opened into an alley inhabited by the poorest class of people; and an old woman who had been a nurse in Don Pedro's family, inhabited a little chamber exactly opposite to the apartment of Isabella. The lover was not long before he discovered this circumstance, and impatiently hastened to the habitation, which to him had all the charms of a palace. "My good mother," said he, "I have suffered you to remain too long in this miserable place; I am ashamed of my neglect:" and as he spoke, a blush of real shame tinged his cheek; for his heart was truly generous, and forgetfulness alone was ever the cause of his apparent insensibility to the wants of others. The old woman, learning his intention of removing her to more commodious lodgings, overwhelmed him with thanks and blessings; and Don Pedro rapturously took possession of his homely apartment. At

At night Isabella appeared. The houses were so close, that he could reach her hand; and with this privilege Don Pedro thought himself the most favored, the most happy of mankind. At this period of successful love, the arrival of the young student from Salamanca was a most cruel interruption. The formal Henriquez considered love a task, and presented his declaration, which, to evince his learning, was written in Latin, and covered three sheets of paper, corrected and interlined by his tutor. Isabella would have turned this into ridicule; but that her old uncle peremptorily insisted on fixing the day for her marriage with Henriquez. Don Pedro heard this intelligence with the utmost anxiety, and intreated his mistress to consent to an elopement. Driven to despair, Isabella could not refuse compliance; and they planned the mode of their escape with the greatest precision and address. It was resolved, that Isabella should feign approbation of the match, to gain time; secure a casket of jewels, bequeathed to her by her mother, which would supply them a considerable time; and when a suitable opportunity offered, escape to her lover. They were then to take refuge in Portugal, where they intended to be married; after which Don Pedro determined to sue Alonzo for his wife's fortune. Nothing remained, but to secure the key of the lattice; and this Isabella at length effected; and the night was fixed for their elopement. When the hour of twelve sounded, Don Pedro stationed his horses at a convenient distance, and hastened to seek his mistress, when his progress was checked by the clashing of swords, and a voice calling aloud for help; and hastily turning the corner of a street, he beheld two men attacked by five bravoes, who seemed determined to assassinate them. The brave Don Pedro for a moment forgot his engagement, and threw himself on the aggressors; wounded two of them, and compelled the others to find safety in flight; when, to his infinite surprise and chagrin, he beheld in the

persons of those he had succoured, Alonzo and Henriquez! The young cavaliers of Granada, envious of the student's expected happiness, in obtaining the hand of Isabella, had determined to sacrifice him to their vengeance, and hired desperadoes to assassinate him, who would have been too successful, but for the fortunate arrival of Don Pedro, for whose generous aid they expressed their most grateful thanks, and loaded him with caresses. Don Pedro would gladly have escaped from their civilities, but found it impracticable, without betraying himself; and finding that Henriquez was determined upon remaining with him the whole night, he gave himself up to the most agonizing despair; though ignorant of the further calamities which awaited him.

One of the ruffians who had been employed to attack Henriquez, sought concealment in the dark alley, which passed under the window of the unfortunate Isabella, who anxiously waited the arrival of her lover. Hearing footsteps beneath, she opened the lattice, exclaiming, in a low and agitated voice, "Heaven be praised! you are come at last. Take these jewels. I have secured the ladder safely: keep watch while I descend." The bravo lent an attentive ear, and failed not to catch the casket which she threw into his extended hands, and, without further ceremony, absconded. When Isabella reached the ground in safety, she was filled with astonishment at finding herself alone: but imagining that he was gone forward to avoid observation, she proceeded on her way. She quickened her pace with breathless fear: her eyes searched every corner; and her lips tremblingly pronounced the name of Pedro. Still hoping to overtake him, she hurried on, till, bewildered in the intricate turnings, she knew not where she was, till she found herself at the city gates. In the flattering hope of finding her lover, with his servants and horses, near that spot, she wandered on, unconscious of the distance, and ignorant that she had

had quitted the city at the side which led to the Alpaxares, a chain of mountains dividing Granada from the Mediterranean; while Don Pedro, having escaped from his tormentors, hurried to the place of assignation, and perceiving, by the appearance of the lattice, that Isabella had descended, ran wildly through the streets in search of her. Not finding the object of his pursuit at the gate, he returned to her uncle's house just at the moment when she was missed. Henriquez eagerly caught the arm of Don Pedro: "My dear friend," he exclaimed, "again I need your services. Isabella has eloped; assist me, my friend, to recover the fugitive before it is too late." Pedro knew not what to do. Breathless with agitation, he assured Henriquez that he might depend upon his exertions; but prudently suggested, that it would be most adviseable to take contrary roads. Henriquez, easily persuaded, thanked him for the lively interest he took in his concerns. They mounted their horses; and Pedro, in the fond hope of recovering his Isabella, pursued his course along the road which led to Portugal; while Henriquez, by his direction, took that which the bewildered Isabella had unhappily chosen. Weary, sad, and fearful, the imprudent girl halted by the road side. The night was so dark, that no object was distinguishable; and she more than once meditated returning. Still the dread of the severity she must experience from her uncle, and the certainty of her marriage with Henriquez being hurried by her conduct, she resolved, whatever might be her fate, to bear it with fortitude, rather than submit to a sacrifice so hateful. The sound of horses' feet approaching, revived her drooping spirits. She doubted not its being her lover; when the disgusting voice of Henriquez calling to his servants, struck her motionless with terror. Her faculties were but suspended for a moment; fear lent her new energies; she broke through the thicket which fenced the road, and penetrated the deep recesses of a wood. Faint-

ing with fatigue, her dress disordered, and her delicate feet torn by the flints and brambles, Isabella sunk on the damp earth, and remained almost insensible till the dawn of day. The balmy breath of morning renewed her strength. She gazed timidly around: Nature wore a pleasing aspect; but her heart was sad, and its beauties charmed her not. A frothy torrent foamed from the cleft rock, and wandered in various directions through the valley, which was ornamented with the neat, though humble, habitations of the goat-herds, whose sportive charges gambolled on the tops of the hills; or rushing through the underwood, caused Isabella many a needless alarm. Her attention was soon attracted most agreeably by the sound of a rustic pipe. She gave a cry of joy; and springing forward, beheld a young peasant, with thoughtful mein, and downcast eyes, taking the path which led to the wood. "Stranger," said Isabella, "I implore your aid. I am an unfortunate outcast; direct me to some village, if there is one near, and I will bless you." "Alas! Madam," replied the peasant, respectfully, "I pity you if you are unfortunate, and would willingly conduct you to the hamlet I have just quitted, situated behind hose rocks; but I have made a vow never to enter it more. I am also the child of misfortune, Madam! I loved, and fancied I was beloved; but my unfaithful mistress will this day give her hand to my rival; and I have quitted my native home never to see it more. I have nothing left but this pipe, one habit in my little bundle, and a sad remembrance of the happiness I shall never more experience." A shower of tears fell from the eyes of the tender goat-herd as he spoke. Isabella, too, wept; and a pang of anguish shot across her breast, as she reflected that Pedro, too, might be unfaithful. A new and sudden idea struck her imagination. "My friend," said she, "I am not so poor as thou art, though equally unhappy: I have in my purse more than sufficient for

for my own wants. Oblige me only by letting me have the habit you mentioned to me, and take as much as you may need." The peasant, overjoyed at such an advantageous bargain, gladly consented; and took leave of the liberal stranger with many expressions of gratitude. Isabella was no sooner alone, than she sought out a retired cavern, where she hastily arrayed herself in her rustic habiliments, and gazed on herself, in the limpid stream, with surprise and satisfaction. The vest was of goat-skin, slashed with sky-blue; the hat ornamented with ribbons of the same colour; and in this simple garb Isabella thought herself more pleasing than when decorated with all her jewels. Hope whispered that her lover would yet seek, and discover her; and her romantic imagination found pleasure in the thoughts of his joy and astonishment. Filled with these illusions, she tripped lightly on, and soon reached the village to which she had been directed by the goat-herd, and repairing to the market-place, inquired of the peasants, whether they knew of any farmer who wanted a shepherd. They assembled round her with evident marks of admiration and curiosity. The girls observed, with secret pleasure, the beautiful features of the young stranger: his brilliant eyes, cast modestly on the ground, his flowing auburn locks, his fine shape, and graceful deportment, conspired to make them imagine him some nobleman in disguise. To all their curious interrogations, Isabella simply replied, that he was an orphan named Marcello, poor and friendless, yet willing to work, if he could meet a kind employer.

His manners so pleased the Alcade, or Magistrate, of the village, that he took the youth immediately into his own service, and soon conceived the most lively friendship for the interesting Marcello. He was a benevolent man, beloved and respected by the whole village; and Marcello so faithfully served the good man, that he soon committed to his care the entire guidance of his concerns. Marcello, in a short time,

time, became the pattern, the idol of all the villagers. "See," cried the prudent mothers to their sons, "how the young Marcello conducts himself; he is always with his master, always studious, sober, and attentive to the wants of the poor, the infirmities of the aged; he never neglects his duty, to run idling after the shepherdesses. Copy the conduct of Marcello, and you will surely be respected."

Though comparatively happy in this novel life, Isabella did not wholly forget Don Pedro, but took the earliest opportunity of dispatching a shepherd to Granada, to obtain tidings of her connections there. He brought back intelligence, that Alonzo had been dead two months; that Henriquez was married; and that Don Pedro had not been heard of in Granada during the space of eighteen months, the exact period of Isabella's absence. This intelligence filled the heart of our adventurer with despair: she no longer flattered herself with the fond idea of being united to Don Pedro, and without him the world had no charms for her. She instantly resolved to devote herself to his memory, to forego her sex, and dedicate the remainder of her days to the service of her good, her generous master. Of this consolation she was too soon bereft: the worthy Alcade, stricken in years, yielded his last breath in her arms. His will made Marcello his heir; but the bequest was a poor compensation for his loss. All the village wept for the good Alcade; and, after having paid to his remains all due honors, assembled together, and agreed that the greatest compliment they could pay to his memory, would be to appoint his favorite Marcello his successor. This was unanimously agreed to; and the oldest inhabitants, followed by the youth of the village, arrayed in their best habiliments, came respectfully to the door of Marcello, tendering him the white wand which was the insignia of his office. Marcello, touched at this mark of confidence and esteem, accepted it with gratitude, and promised to defend their

their rights with his life. Then ordering them a cheerful repast, dismissed them to their respective homes with reiterated blessings.

Let us now return to the unhappy Don Pedro. He hastened, with all the impatience of disappointed love, from province to province, from town to town, yet could gain no tidings of his beloved Isabella. It occurred to him, at length, that she had connections at Mexico, for which place he accordingly embarked, trusting she had sought refuge there. He was still unsuccessful. Once more he prepared to revisit Spain, hopeless, and a prey to the most painful suggestions. Fears that his mistress was unfaithful, added poignancy to all his sufferings, till his mind was diverted into another channel by a tremendous storm which arose, and threatened destruction to the vessel. Notwithstanding the most strenuous exertions of the crew, the bark was wrecked; and Don Pedro, with a few other passengers, gained the shore with difficulty. After many arduous exertions, they surmounted the rugged precipices which screened the little village of Gadara from the encroachments of the boisterous ocean, and entering the first *Auberge*, congratulated themselves on their providential escape. They had not rested long, before they were called upon to decide a quarrel which had arisen between a sailor and a passenger concerning a casket which the latter asserted to be his property. The sailor, who had preserved it from the wreck, denied his claim; and, to ascertain the fact, Don Pedro insisted that the passenger should describe the contents. The casket was accordingly opened; and, to his inexpressible astonishment, Don Pedro discovered the jewels of Isabella, and among them the emerald ring which he had given to her as a pledge of his faith. He stood a moment immoveable; then darting looks of fury on the stranger, he exclaimed, "Where didst thou get these jewels?" "What is that to you?" returned the man, insolently; "it is sufficient that they

they belong to me!" He would have snatched them from the hands of Don Pedro, who read guilt in his quivering lip, and pallid features; and drawing his sword, swore to sacrifice him instantly, if he did not confess how he obtained the jewels. The bravo aimed a blow at Don Pedro, which he fortunately parried; and, indignant at the insult, pierced the villain to the heart. This affair was too public to pass unnoticed. The spectators crouded round Don Pedro; they disarmed him; bound him like a criminal, and dragged him to prison; while the hostess sent for a priest to confess the dying man; and the active host ran, with the jewels in his hand, to inform the Alcade of all that had occurred, and learn his further pleasure. What was the surprise, the joy, the alarm of Isabella, on beholding the long lost casket! She hastened to the *Auberge*, where half the villagers were already assembled, and arrived just in time to hear the dying wretch acknowledge his being a hired assassin; and also, that he had received the casket from a lady in Granada, who must have mistaken him for some other person. This was sufficient for Isabella, who immediately hurried away, in the sweet expectation of beholding her lover. As she proceeded, her heart throbbed with the most lively emotions; and fearing to be immediately recognised, she wrapped herself closely in her cloak, and flapped her hat over her eyes; then, with a firm step, followed the jailor into the dungeon: but no sooner did she behold him she so tenderly loved, in his melancholy captivity, than her resolution failed her: she leaned against a pillar for support, and tears of sensibility ran down her cheeks. Don Pedro was too deeply engaged in preparing his defence, to notice her emotion, till, at length recovering herself, she approached, and, in an authoritative tone, addressed him. "Stranger," said she, "you have killed your comrade: what could induce you to commit such a horrid outrage? A crime which in a civilized country is punishable

to the utmost extent of the law." The voice of Isabella faltered; and, fearful of betraying herself, she covered her face with her hand. "Alcade!" replied the prisoner, "I have committed no crime, but an act of justice. However, I am prepared to die. Death alone can release me from the miseries of which the wretch I have sacrificed has been the prime cause. Condemn me; I am prepared: Life is hateful to me, deprived of the only blessing I coveted, a blessing I can never hope to obtain." His voice was stifled with sobs, and his lips tremulously murmured, "Isabella."

The young Alcade could restrain no longer. She hastily desired the jailor to withdraw; and having just ascertained that he was out of hearing, returned to Don Pedro, and, extending her hand, said, tenderly, "And do you still love her who has lived but for you?" Her beloved voice struck on the heart of Pedro with electric power: he gazed wildly on her features; and throwing his arms round her, he passionately exclaimed, "'Tis she! my adored Isabella! my friend! my wife! All my misfortunes are at an end."

"Not yet," said Isabella, after a long silence, during which their tears mingled. "You are guilty of a murder; and your fate is in the power of a higher judge: I cannot release you without a flagrant breach of the solemn trust delegated to me; but I will tomorrow assemble the seniors of the village; I will tell them my sad story, and implore their good offices with the Governor. If I am refused your enlargement, I will return to this dungeon; and the same hour shall end the fate of two unfortunate lovers."

After a conference highly interesting to both, Isabella departed, taking care to order that the prisoner should be removed to a more commodious place of confinement, and treated with the respect due to his rank; and retired to rest more tranquil in her mind,

since gratified with the certainty of living or dying in the same spot with her lover. That very night a most terrible event changed her plans, and hastened the liberty of Don Pedro. Several Algerine gallies, which had been in chace of the ship which brought Don Pedro to Gadara, and had weathered the storm, put into the creek, and resolved to make a descent into the village. Twelve renegadoes, who knew the way, led them on; and in the dead of the night, when the peaceful inhabitants were resting from the toils of the day, they were roused by the dreadful cry of "To arms! to arms! the Turks are landed." In a moment all was horror and confusion: the trembling wives clasped their husbands in their arms; the aged ran to their sons for protection; the children shrieked with affright; and, to their consternation, they beheld their magazines were already on fire. It was then that, by the light of the flames, they beheld the dreaded scymitars, and white turbans, of the Infidels, who, each with a firebrand in one hand, and a hatchet in the other, broke down or burnt all that opposed their progress in search of victims or spoil. Nothing was sacred in the eyes of these barbarians, whose outrages were too horrid to relate. The weeping wife, the innocent babe, sleeping in its cradle, were alike the prey of their insatiable fury. They broke into the places of worship, and with impious hands despoiled them of every valuable decoration. What a scene of horror! Ruin, murder, and desolation, surrounded the wretched inhabitants, who knelt down in the streets, and implored that succour from Heaven, which man seemed incapable of affording them.

At the first outcry, Marcello, heedless of her own safety, in apprehension for Don Pedro, ran to the prison, and presented him a sword. "Defend yourself," cried the young Alcade. "I am armed, and will not quit your side. Let us set a glorious example, and expel these invaders, or perish together."

The

The brave Don Pedro embraced her with enthusiastic rapture. "Matchless woman!" he exclaimed, "we shall succeed: thy virtues will crown us with victory." He then led her forth to the grand place, where he rallied the scattered inhabitants, and exhorted them to be courageous. They listened to him with renewed hopes; they ranged themselves by his side, and fought with the fury of desperation. Aided by the valiant Pedro, and the intrepid Marcello, they put the barbarians to flight with a considerable loss, retook the spoil, and those who had been captured, and then returned to the village, to extinguish the flames.

The day was just breaking as they re-entered Gadara. A troop of soldiers, led on by the Governor, were hastening to their assistance, but arrived only to greet the conquerors. Don Pedro, and his heroic companion, were instantly surrounded by the women, the children, and the aged villagers, who bathed their hands with grateful tears, and implored the blessings of Heaven upon their heads, for restoring their sons, their husbands, or their fathers, to their arms.

The Governor, acquainted with the achievements of the gallant Don Pedro, loaded him with praises and caresses. Isabella seized the favorable moment, and declared, in the face of the whole village assembled, her sex and adventures; the rashness of Don Pedro, and the motives which compelled him to an action which, in cooler moments, he would have shuddered at the thoughts of. No sooner did she cease speaking, than all the inhabitants of Gadara implored pardon for their brave defender, weeping and kneeling at the feet of the Governor. Their petition was granted; when the most respectable of the villagers stepping forward, thus addressed Don Pedro; "Gallant stranger! you have been our defender and protector; but you seek to deprive us of our beloved Alcade, and that loss is more than adequate to

the benefit we have received at your hands. Increase your favors, instead of diminishing them; and consent to make us happy, by remaining among us. Deign to accept the office of Alcade; be our master, our guardian, and our friend: each virtuous inhabitant will regard you as a father. After our God, we will honor you: and each year, on this memorable day, each parent shall present his little ones to you, and say, "Child, behold him who preserved your mother!"

Don Pedro, affected to tears by this animated address, fell on the neck of the old man: then turning to his friends, he exclaimed, "Yes, virtuous and grateful people, I will dwell amongst you; I will be your brother; I will live only for Isabella and for you. But my wife has considerable property at Granada: our just Governor will restore it to her; and it shall be employed in repairing the damages which our village has this night sustained. On this condition only I consent to become your Alcade; and when I render to you my life, and all I possess, I still think myself in your debt for restoring to me my Isabella." A most interesting scene ensued. Don Pedro was carried in triumph to the Governor's house, where every mark of esteem and respect was paid to him; and on the following day Isabella was united to her lover. Notwithstanding the recent devastations, the villagers would celebrate the happy day with a rural festival, which was annually repeated; and in the course of a few years, Don Pedro obtained the post of Governor. The constant lovers enjoyed a long series of happy years, and throughout their lives enjoyed the respect and love of the whole province.

E. F.

AREKA.

ARECA.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

Sir,

AS the following observations on a vegetable plant of China may not be uninteresting to some classes of your readers, I beg leave to solicit its insertion in your valuable and justly esteemed Miscellany.

The Areka, or Surrapi of China, is used among the Chinese, by wrapping it in the leaf of the Betle, or Paung-leaf; a shrub similar to the woodbine, or ivy, of England, which encircles itself round the Areka tree; a species of palm, that generally attains the height of thirty or forty feet; perfectly straight; of the circumference of a full grown poplar, with protuberant rings on the bark at equal distances; possessing no branches, but at the head, where it spreads itself; and to them is suspended the fruit or nut of the Areka, erroneously termed Betle-nut, enveloped in an outward coating of numerous filaments; in size, about an English walnut, but more conical. This husk is not unlike, in its structure, to the rind of a cocoa-nut, but more soft and pliable. I imagine it is either in quantity insufficient, or there is a *succedaneum* in the bark of other trees, which are more profitable in converting it into paper, which the Chinese make from almost every species of cortical vegetable. The properties of the Areka are unparalleled, as an extreme beautifier and eminent preserver of the teeth: its strong astringency gives them strength, and is unexceptionably the finest antiscorbutic known. I have seen many Europeans, that have had the most indifferent teeth, and who were frequently troubled with that tantalizing affliction, the tooth-ach, by a short residence in India, where they have constantly accustomed themselves to its use, have permanently

been relieved, and the appearance of their teeth improved wonderfully. Even the most offensive breath has been overcome, as it possesses one of the most incomparable odours I have met with either in China, the Moluccas, or the whole Peninsula of Indostan. I may, perhaps, be considered too sanguine or partial in my praise of this vegetable; yet I feel confident no one, who is acquainted with it, will correct my statement any ways unfavorable to the description I have given. It is to be regretted, this has not long since been a principal article of importation. So highly, and so justly, as this is esteemed in China, yet, in Europe, it is, in fact, scarcely known. It may, perhaps, be considered in this country extraordinary, since its virtues are so great, when I mention it is, notwithstanding, neither cultivated among agriculturists or private gentlemen. In India it is the promiscuous inhabitant of every wood or jungle; and, like many of our most valuable herbs, grows spontaneously in the fields, unheeded or disregarded, but by the herbalist or botanist. The saliva that is produced by chewing this nut, is of the most beautiful red the eye can either witness, or the imagination conceive; and were there a possibility of extracting the dye, its richness would be unexampled, and displace those that are now held in the highest consideration: but the color of this nut is only imparted in its green state; when it becomes hardened, it neither will disclose this valuable property to aqueous, spirituous, or oily menstruums; and no means, which I have as yet been made acquainted with, are capable of success. I have heard of its being infused, after levigation, in spirits, and acting as a great corroborant of the stomach, and facilitating digestion. As a styptic medicine, it may not be inferior to the best Peruvian bark. It is perfectly tasteless, otherwise than the aromatic effluvia which arises after it is chewed. From the circumstances of the Betle growing round the Areka tree, we may attribute the cause

cause of the leaf of this vine being wrapped and chewed together with the Areka-nut, as if Nature vindicated the propriety of blending them, in order, as it is perfectly known, to correct the predominant bitterness of the Betle, by the aromatic flavour of the Areka. The anodyne qualities of the former render it a peculiar favorite of the natives; its intoxicating nature procures alleviation to the poor distressed Indian, softens the acuteness of poignant reflection, and delights the imagination with every Utopia of bliss: no wonder, then, that these inoffensive associates of human society, should seek a softener of their cares, which Nature has so judiciously and humanely allotted them in the recluses of their country; she has every where provided an asylum for the afflicted, a solace to the oppressed, and the means of comforting, and exhilirating, human nature under the severest trials. The Areka-nut is most frequent in the provinces of Siam, Molucca, Cambodia, and Cochin China: it is more prolific along the eastern coast of the Bay of Bengal, and flourishes in the neighbouring isles of Sumatra, Pulo-Penang, &c.

The East India Company purchase the ammonian, a measure of 20,000 arekas, or about 260 pounds weight, for about 2000 fettus, equal to 9s. 6d. English; although individuals pay equivalent to three-pence a pound. The Betle is cultivated in most parts of India; and not dissimilar to the growth of hops, the leaf approaching the laurel, and the blossom the pear, it forms a pretty appearance; and the leaf, with the Areka, and Chunam, a lime produced from calcined shells, furnishes one of the greatest luxuries in the whole Eastern empire. It is ranked among the accomplishments; is every where presented as the first offering of friendship, and denoted in every station as the emblem of the highest respect. The soil most adapted for the culture of the Betle, is a rich loam, or heavy clay, and, like the Manchineal of Barbadoes, skirts the coasts of the ocean. It may

not be, perhaps, irrelevant at this place to take notice of a circumstance of the Manchineal, not less singular than the Betle attaching itself to the Areka, and forming to each other an equilibrium that corrects the too potent qualities contained in them separately, that might otherwise defeat the end for which they were designed. In every place were the growth of the Manchineal exists, it is accompanied by a protective plant, that affords a juice which searches the progress of the poison, and secures the unfortunate person from becoming its victim. In like manner, the rattlesnake-root is a safe antidote against the bite of that reptile. The value of the nut, when it has been to be purchased in this country, is from 3s. 6d. to 5s. a pound; and when properly levigated, produces not more than from three to four ounces. The manner of distinguishing their goodness is, being free from holes, or any appearance where grubs have inserted themselves; pale color; and, when broken, clear, and thickly marbled with red, purple, or dark veins. They will run, in number, from seventy to eighty in the pound avoirdupoise. For a more detailed account, I refer my readers to *The Encyclopædia, Raynal's Indies, Fenning, Pomet, Grose,* &c. If my suggestion, in recommending it as a commodity worthy of enlarged importation, be accepted in the opinion of any India adventurer, I shall feel satisfied in having been the promoter of an article which, from my experience of its qualities, entitles it to every attention of the philosophical and commercial branches of society; and it will procure to me the greatest pleasure, should it prove beneficial in any other manner than that which I have stated.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
C—— C—— H——.

THE

THE INTERESTED APPARITION.

THE Castle of Ardivillers, near Bretueil, was reported to be haunted by evil spirits. Dreadful noises were heard, and flames were seen, by night, to issue from various apertures. The farmer, who was entrusted with the care of the house in the absence of its owner, the President D'Ardivillers, could alone live there; the spirit seemed to respect him; but any person who ventured to take up a night's lodging in the Castle, was sure to bear the marks of his audacity.

Superstition is catching. By and by the peasants in the neighbourhood began to see strange sights: sometimes a dozen ghosts would appear in the air, above the Castle, dancing a brawl. At other times, a number of Presidents and Counsellors, in red robes, appeared in the adjacent meadow: there they sat in judgment on a gentleman in the country, who had been beheaded, for some crime, a hundred years before. Another peasant met, in the night, a gentleman related to the President, walking with the wife of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who were seen caressing each other, and then vanished. As they were both alive, perhaps they were both obliged to the devil for preventing scandal. In short, many had seen, and all had heard of, the wonders of the Castle of Ardivillers.

This affair had continued four or five years, to the great loss of the President, who had been obliged to let the estate to the farmer at a very low rent. At length, suspecting some artifice, he resolved to visit and inspect the Castle.

Taking with him two gentlemen, his friends, they determined to pass the night in the same apartment; and if any noise or apparition disturbed them, to discharge their pistols at either ghost or sound. As spirits know all things, they were probably aware

of these preparations, and not one appeared. But in the chamber just above, a dreadful rattling of chains was heard, and the wife and children of the farmer ran to the assistance of their Lord. They threw themselves on their knees, begging that he would not visit that terrible room. "My Lord," said they, "what can human force effect against people of t'other world? M. de Fecancour attempted the same enterprise years ago, and he returned with a dislocated arm. M. D'Urselles tried too; he was overwhelmed with bundles of hay, and was ill for a long time after." In short, so many attempts were mentioned, that the President's friends advised him to abandon the design: but they determined to encounter the danger themselves. Proceeding up stairs, to an extensive room, each having a candle in one hand, and a pistol in the other, they found it full of thick smoke, which increased more and more from some flames that were visible. Soon after, the ghost or spirit faintly appeared in the middle: he seemed quite black, and was amusing himself with cutting capers; but another irruption of flame and smoke hid him from their view. He had horns, and a long tail, and was, in truth, a dreadful object.

One of the gentlemen found his courage rather fail. "This is certainly supernatural," said he; "let us return." The other, endued with more boldness, asserted, that the smoke was that of gunpowder, which is no supernatural composition: "And if this same spirit," added he, "knew his own nature and trade, he should have extinguished our candles."

With these words he jumped amidst the smoke and flames, and pursued the spectre. He soon discharged his pistol at its back, and hit him exactly in the middle; but was himself seized with fear, when the spirit, far from falling, turned round, and rushed upon him. Soon recovering himself, he resolved to grasp the ghost, to discover whether it were, indeed, aerial,

al, and impassible. Mr. Spectre, disordered by this new manœuvre, rushed to a tower, and descended a small staircase.

The gentleman ran after, and never losing sight of him, passed several courts and gardens, still turning as the spirit winded, till at length he entered an open barn. Here the pursuer, certain, as he thought, of his prey, shut the door; but when he turned round, what was his amazement to see the spectre totally disappear!

In great confusion, he called to his servants for more lights. On examining the spot of the spirit's disappearance, he found a trap-door, upon raising which, several mattresses appeared, to break the fall of any headlong adventurer. Descending, he found the spirit—the farmer!

His dress, of a complete bull's hide, secured him from pistol shot; and the horns and tail were not diabolical, but merely natural appendages of the original. The rogue confessed all his trick; and was pardoned, on paying the arrears due for five years, at the old rent of the land.

ON THE ADVANTAGE OF DEPENDING UPON OUR OWN EXERTIONS.

HOW respectable is he, who, trusting with a manly confidence to the efficacy of his own exertions, encounters, with due sense and energy, the various difficulties of life; and has no reproaches to make himself for a spiritless neglect of his concerns! Such men rarely experience the frowns of the world, as, through timely industry, they are enabled to defy the ill-nature of what is called fortune—a word often used by the indolent and undeserving, to screen their indolence and want of application. Persons of this active and vigorous turn, are seldom disappointed in their endeavours to establish themselves in that system

system of life, which their reasonable aims have pointed at as attainable. Far different is usually the fate of people of a contrary disposition. By relying too much on near expectations, and bare possibilities, such individuals may justly be said to deliver themselves up to adventitious friendships, and casual advantages. They are not aware that these usually depend on the caprice of men, who, perhaps, will bestow them for such qualifications as the receivers would never have built a pretence upon, and for those ends which they never had in view: whence it often happens, that inability, or disinclination, operating on the benefitted, their benefactors contract an idea of their indolence or ingratitude, while they ought to blame themselves for mistaking the capacity or disposition of those whom they favored; no man being indiscriminately qualified for every thing which may offer. This consequence, however, shews the fatal inconvenience of having, through mismanagement, forfeited the power to chuse that vocation in life for which we feel ourselves calculated; and that, by indolently resigning ourselves to the guidance of our stars, (if such an expression may be tolerated,) we of course lay ourselves open to those unfortunate emergencies, that so constantly attend those who place too confident and implicit a reliance upon the friendship and benevolence of others. Such a behaviour may well be likened to that of one, who, though possessed of his sight, should require the assistance of a conductor, and imagine that without him, he should not be able to find his way with security.

THOUGHTS ON DETRACTION.

THERE are many men possessed of a notion, false and absurd as it is, that the destruction of other people's reputation is the building of their own; that whatever good qualities they have, or would be thought

thought to have, will be rendered more conspicuous, by throwing a shade over those of others! But this is so far from answering the purpose aimed at, that it often gives to the hearer a suspicion, that the person who is so fond of expatiating on the faults and follies of his neighbour, does it only with a view of drawing off any attention to his own.

This mean and ungenerous spirit, these ill-natured humours, this more than fiend-like disposition, is so extremely base and absurd, that if strong instances were not seen daily through life, it would be almost impossible for a man of sense to believe them. For my part, I would not be thought outrageously virtuous: I have foibles, and many: but if I am totally free from any of the common weaknesses of mankind, I take it to be this—I trouble myself about no man's business that does not concern me: nor do I ever lessen the reputation of any person, without reason; and when I do, it is in the face of day, openly, and without disguise: for I think no man, or set of men, ought to ascend the judgment-seat of Fame, or dare to use the whip of Censure, without being armed with the social virtues, justice and humanity, which the generality of rigid censurers are destitute of. And were the parties defamed to reverse the mirror, the sons of Calumny would be ashamed of their blackness, and shudder at their own deformity. Many learned and eminent authors have taught us, that the seat of that ever detestable vice, calumny, is solely lodged in the breasts of people of mean and servile dispositions: while, on the other hand, the foundation of those virtues, justice and humanity, so very necessary to render society perfect, are only found with generous and disinterested minds, the truth of which is very plainly evidenced in every action of human life.

ON

ON CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT, that blessing without which all others are incomplete, is, if we are at the pains of exerting our reason, one of the easiest attainments in life. We give ourselves much unnecessary trouble in our inquiries, and ramble far abroad to find that which lies concealed at home. Happiness, or content, (for the terms are synonimous,) depends much less on the acquisition of what we have not, than on the enjoyment of what we actually have. Unconscious or regardless of what lies fully in our hands, we grasp at objects difficult to attain; and which, if we do attain, we soon let go, for the same endless pursuit of others. Hence it happens, that, ever running after new means, we are constantly neglecting to use those we have already mastered, in order to accomplish those ends for which they were procured. This proceeds from the excessive vehemence with which men are actuated in the chase of felicity, and from the ignorant apprehension, that we cannot secure it by too many methods; whereas the dexterous management of a very few, will be found entirely sufficient. An argument of this may be produced from those conditions among mankind, where content is universally supposed mostly to dwell: they are generally such as absolutely exclude all ideas of those numerous luxuriances and refinements, which are by so many deemed the surest ways and means to live happy and satisfied. But of these they demonstrate the inutility and the unsatisfactoriness; and by that superior evenness and serenity with which they are usually accompanied, they seem incontrovertibly to prove, that unless Nature has gifted us with very pure and clear conceptions of things, we are by so many removes more distant from happiness, as we are surrounded with abilities and incitements to gratify our passions.

THE

THE EFFECTS OF CALUMNY.

THE Count d'Orval, distinguished by the posts which he held at court and in the army, in 1634, married the young Elmira, whose birth and fortune made her one of the most desirable matches in France. She joined to these advantages, that of good sense cultivated by the best education. She was beautiful; but she was so little vain on that account, that she gave no occasion to those with fewer attractions to envy her. In a word, Elmira was the delight of the societies in which she lived. The Count congratulated himself on the choice he had made; Elmira was no less satisfied with hers; and love and pleasure crowned the days of this happy pair. Amongst those who frequented the house of the Count, were two gentlemen whom it is necessary to introduce to the reader. The first, named Alcestes, joined to the prerogatives of birth, the possession of a very considerable fortune; but he gave into all the follies which could spring from these two advantages, without possessing any of the qualities which make them valuable: he had, however, in presumption, what he wanted in sense; and although he knew nothing, he wished to decide on all subjects. Irregular in his conduct, he yet affected to appear more so than he was: he spoke ill of every body, especially of women. The other was announced under the name of the Chevalier de Castro. He was in the bloom of youth, spirited, lively, and complaisant; and of a beauty very rare in the male sex: to conclude, he had as many agreeable qualities as Alcestes had defects. Both paid their court assiduously to the Countess. Alcestes, who believed himself in love with her, was not backward in telling her so; but she made a jest of his passion; notwithstanding which, it encreased every day: and as he thought it impossible that the Countess could be blind to merit

such as his, he imagined he was superseded by some rival, to whom, through want of taste, she gave the preference. His suspicions fell on the Chevalier de Castro. It is true, the latter had so many graces in his behaviour, that she always gave him the most flattering reception; but the attentions they paid each other, did not go beyond what politeness might authorise. Things were in this state, when the war which was declared in 1636, between France and Spain, obliged the Count to set off for Flanders, to join a body of troops of which he had the command. Alcestes was in the same circumstances; but the sentiments which he entertained for the Countess, making him wish not to leave her without having obtained some mark of favor in return, he delayed his departure, under various pretences, hoping that the absence of the Count would be favorable for him. But it happened quite contrary to his expectations; for Elmira, fatigued with his persecutions, and fearful of violating decorum, in suffering, in the absence of her husband, the attentions of a man who had declared himself her lover, refused to receive him at her house. He was the more angry at this treatment, because the Chevalier, whom he looked upon as his rival, did not experience the same affront. If he had dared, he would have challenged him; but having reflected on the subject, he judged it would be the height of imprudence to expose a man of his consequence to the danger he must run in a duel. He was but little accustomed to arms; those of which he made use were much surer; a stroke of slander would fully satisfy his revenge. He therefore prepared for his departure, and set off for the army.

A few days after, the Chevalier de Castro, having finished the business which detained him at Paris, left it, without being informed either of the jealousy or of the designs of Alcestes. As soon as the latter arrived in Flanders, he went to find the Count d'Orval, and told him, with all the art which men are accustomed

customed to use in an imposture, to which they wish to give the air of a secret, that he was too much his friend to hide from him the disorderly way in which his wife lived during his absence, and that he had surprised her *tete-a-tete* with the Chevalier, in such a way as did not leave the slightest doubt of the sentiments she had for him. Although the Count had till that moment the greatest confidence in the virtue of his wife, yet the discourse of Alcestes gave him some uneasiness. The Countess was young; the lover he had supposed for her had many attractions, and was it impossible that she might suffer herself to to be seduced? Love every day performs the greatest miracles. However, the fears of the Count would, perhaps, have been dissipated, if it had not been for an incident which seemed to give them some foundation. Two years had elapsed since their marriage, without their having children; but at his departure for Flanders, he had left his wife with child. As soon as she perceived it, she was eager to inform her husband, that he might partake of the joy which she herself felt. But this news, which would before have completed his happiness, at this moment appeared to him as the certain proof of his dishonor. He was struck as if with a flash of lightning: the most dreadful thoughts took possession of his mind, and fury and vengeance succeeded to the most tender love. He let the rest of the campaign pass without writing to his wife, who knew not to what to attribute such strange inattention. The season, however, obliging the troops to go into Winter quarters, Elmira flattered herself she should have an explanation with her husband, which would bring him back to his former sentiments; but the Count, more irritated than ever, did not leave her the means of accomplishing her intention; for, on taking the road to Paris, he sent before him two confidential servants, who carried the Countess a letter from her husband, in which he enjoined her to depart immediately for a

castle he had at the distance of ninety miles from the city; and he charged his servants to execute his order without any delay. Elmira was ready to die with grief at this cruel command: she saw herself treated as a criminal, although she had nothing to reproach herself with: her virtue, however, gave her strength to obey the will of her husband, unjust as she knew it to be; and a short time after her arrival in the place of her exile, she brought a son into the world, who became her only consolation, although the innocent cause of her misfortunes. The Count had been two months at Paris without making any attempt to divert his melancholy; he saw only his own family, and occupied himself only with thinking of his misfortune, about which he kept a profound silence, when one day, that he was absorbed in sorrow, they announced the Marquis d'Olincourt, one of his relations, who had been lately married at Bourdeaux, and who came to present to him his wife. The Count made the greatest efforts to hide the profound sorrow which had taken possession of his soul; and on their asking to see the Countess, he contented himself with saying, she was in the country. On observing the bride, he thought her features were not unknown to him, and he continued trying to recollect where he had seen her. She perceived the embarrassment he was in; and, after amusing herself some time, "I see your perplexity," said she: "you did not expect to find in me the Chevalier de Castro!" The Marchioness was, in reality, the pretended Chevalier, whose name brought him to the Count's memory; but he could not conceive this metamorphosis, till the lady had acquainted him with her story. When scarcely twenty-two years of age, she had become a widow, and mistress of an ample fortune. The Marquis d'Olincourt, who was then at Bourdeaux, found the means to please her, and to engage her to form new bonds; but as it was necessay, for the sake of decorum, to leave a longer interval between the death

of

of her husband and her marriage with the Marquis, it was agreed that he should spend the time in making a journey to Paris, where his presence was indispensable for the arrangement of his affairs. After his departure, the relations of the lady, disapproving this second marriage, resolved to profit by his absence, and ruin him in the mind of his mistress. They spoke of him in the most injurious terms; they sought to disparage his birth, to blemish his reputation; and every day anonymous letters, addressed to the lady, charged the unfortunate Marquis with some new crime; and they finished by informing her, that he passed his time at Paris, in sacrificing her to the most contemptible rivals. The young widow, who had had sufficient strength of mind to disregard all the other crimes they had laid upon her unfortunate lover, was struck with this last information. She was lively, and impetuous; and the idea of perfidy, such as they had imputed to the Marquis, made her shudder: but she had too much justice to decide against him, before she was well assured of the truth; and she wished to owe to herself alone an *eclaircissement*, on which depended the happiness of her life. After having, therefore, left the care of her house to an old governess, who was in her confidence, she left Bourdeaux, accompanied by a female servant; and as soon as she arrived at Paris, she assumed male attire, that she might the better observe her lover, and free herself from the strict decorum which a woman is obliged to maintain. She placed so many spies about the Marquis, that he could not take a step of which she was not informed: she had even found means to know what passed in the interior of his house; but, happily for him, his conduct was irreproachable; and thus all the inquiries of his charming widow did but augment the esteem she had for him. As soon as she was well assured of his worth, she informed him, that a gentleman wished to converse with him on a subject of the greatest im-

portance. The Marquis went directly to the place she had appointed; but, although she tried at first to deceive him, by a story she had invented, he knew her immediately, in spite of her disguise. She then told him the reasons which had induced her to assume it, and did not conceal from him the effect which her inquiries had produced. The happy Marquis employed the most tender expressions to testify his gratitude: in fact, he had great obligations to her. How many, imposed upon by a false report, persecute virtue, without having taken the least step to develope the truth! As the lady wished to remain some time longer at Paris, and to continue *incognito*, the Marquis advised her to preserve the dress she had taken; and it was he who introduced her, under the name of the Chevalier de Castro, at the house of the Count d'Orval.

It is easy to conceive the astonishment of the Count at this recital. He shed, at the same time, tears of joy and grief. On the one side he saw the innocence of his wife; but on the other, he had to reproach himself with all the afflictions she had endured. The Marquis and his Lady perceiving his trouble, he ingenuously owned to them the cause of it. The Marchioness was inconsolable for having been the innocent cause of so unjust a persecution; and, after having expressed her regret, it was agreed that they should all three go together to deliver their noble prisoner. They departed the next morning, and arrived in the evening at the castle, where the unfortunate Countess was, whom they found in the most deplorable state. Notwithstanding her courage, she had not had strength to support the horrors of her situation; and life was become a heavy burden, from which she wished to be speedily delivered. For near a month she had scarcely taken any nourishment; she was become so weak that her voice was hardly audible: her eyes, continually drowned in tears, had lost all their lustre; and the deathlike pale-

ness of her countenance, seemed to announce, that the end of her life and her misfortunes was at hand. When her husband presented himself before her, she knew not what to think of a visit so little expected: she feared that he came only to increase the rigour of her treatment; and she conjured him, calling Heaven to witness her innocence, to spare to her at least her dear son, whom she held pressed to her bosom: but the Count, penetrated with confusion, sorrow, and love, threw himself at her feet, and would not rise till she had promised to forget his injustice, and restore to him her heart. Elmira had too generous a soul to resist these marks of sincere repentance: she collected the little strength that remained to embrace her husband, and present to him her son, whom he loaded with the most tender caresses. The first care of Elmira was to inform herself of the reasons which had induced her husband to treat her with so much unkindness. To satisfy her, he related in brief the history of the pretended Chevalier, who entered soon after with the Marquis, and they were sincerely grieved at the sad state in which they found the Countess: but, although she had approached so near to the gates of death, her health was insensibly re-established by the pains the Count took to obliterate the remembrance of the afflictions he had caused her to suffer. The report of this adventure being spread abroad, the contemptible Alcestes became the talk of the public, and the detestation of honest men: he was obliged to retire into the country, to escape the reproaches which he had to sustain, and which he had not as much courage to support, as he before had baseness to deserve them.

FROM

FROM

THE PILGRIM OF THE CROSS;

OR,

THE CHRONICLES OF CHRISTABELLE DE MOWBRAY;

A NOVEL;

By Mrs. Elizabeth Helme.

[Lately published.]

IN this dilemma, courage and resolution were ineffectual: the Christians were defeated; many were slaughtered; and de Mowbray himself, who had in vain endeavoured to rally his party, fell, covered with wounds.

Well known as the chief of the Christians, he was selected from the dead and wounded, and carried before the Saracen commander; who, doubtless expecting to gratify his avarice by an exorbitant ransom, or to satiate his revenge by his death, ordered him to a dwelling he kept, at no great distance, for the women of his seraglio. In a dungeon appertaining to this building, de Mowbray was thrown on some straw, and his stiffened and gaping wounds left to heal without human aid; or, what was more probable, to mortify.

For some hours de Mowbray remained senseless, from which state recovering a degree of recollection, he considered himself dying, and anxiously wished for a draught of water to quench his burning thirst. All was darkness around him; nor had he seen any one since he was thrown on the straw on which he then lay. At last the faint glimmering of a lamp illuminated the top of his dungeon, and a female figure stood beside him: she was accompanied by another person, who appeared a dervise, but whose face, shaded by a hood, was not discernible. They first raised his head, and gave him a cordial, which greatly

ly revived his spirits; after which they removed his garments; and having washed his wounds, bound them up with a balsam they had brought for that purpose; though, during the operation, he twice fainted, from the loss of blood he had sustained.

As they removed his garment, the bracelet of Christabelle fell from his bosom; and though unable to speak, he clasped it in his clenched hand; an action that neither of his friends chose to notice, but continued their task till they had completed it. The female then laying her finger on her lips, appeared to command silence; and shewing him a leathern bottle of cordial, and some manchets, she made him observe, that she concealed them among the straw within his reach; and immediately they both left him.

Weary and exhausted, the refreshment he had received, procured him some hours sleep, from which, when he awoke, he considered what had past as a dream; but examining his wounds, and finding them bound up, and the manchets and cordial in the straw, he was convinced of the reality of what he had before disbelieved.

While ruminating on the subject, a Saracen slave entered: he brought him some coarse bread and water, which setting down by his side, he cursed him for a Christian dog, in his own language, and without more words left him.

This conduct redoubled the wonder of de Mowbray: it was plain that the visit of the dervise, and the woman, was by stealth; and he then recollected the sign he had received of silence. The whole day, when pain would permit, he reflected on the subject; but all conjecture was vain; for he knew of no friend in Palestine, but among the Christians, and his preservers were evidently not of that faith.

On the close of day, de Mowbray found that he had recovered the use of speech; and about midnight, as nearly as he could conjecture, the lamp again shone

shone in his dungeon; and again the woman and the dervise stood before him. As before, they gave him cordials, and dressed his wounds with tenderness; but no word escaped them: then seeking for his bottle, they replenished it; and deposited it with the bread they had brought.

When on the point of leaving him, he endeavoured to express his thanks: but shaking their heads, the woman, with earnestness, again laid her finger on her lips, and, as in the former visit, appeared to command silence.

The same conduct was observed for some time, both by the Saracen slave, and his nightly visitors. At length de Mowbray felt himself able to sit upon his straw. The dungeon, he found, was extensive, and lighted only by a grated aperture at the top; and the door fastened, as he heard, on the entrance and departure of the slave, by bolts and chains on the outside. His nocturnal friends were still silent; but being now somewhat recovered, he resolved, on the next visit, to consider them attentively.

The opportunity was not long wanting. The same night they came as usual, when he observed, as well as the faint light would permit, that the woman was of middle age, by complexion a Saracen, and by her dress a slave, though of a superior cast. As to the dervise, his face, as before, was concealed; but his person, though bent, was tall and graceful. Eager to hear the voices of his preservers, de Mowbray addressed his thanks, in English, when the dervise replied in the French language, and told him, he was welcome to the attentions he had received; but again conjured him to be silent, as his Saracen guard might wake, and overhear them. The voice of the dervise struck an awe on the heart of de Mowbray, that he could not at once overcome; it was hollow, and solemn; yet soft, mild, and energetic: he thought it so calculated to speak the doctrines of religion, that he could almost have lamented it belonged to an unbeliever.

He

He observed, as they left him, that they took away a part of the coarse bread which his goaler had brought; a precaution that he perfectly comprehended, as, by being always left, it might raise a suspicion of his receiving better fare. As the approach of the Saracen was announced by the harsh grating of the chains and bolts of the dungeon, de Mowbray always laid still on his straw: that of the woman and the dervise, on the contrary, was with such careful quietness, that the lamp ever first gave the signal of their entrance; and he, as well as his strength would permit, sat up to receive them.

However anxious, he had never yet seen the face of the stranger; but the night after having heard him speak, as the woman was dressing his arm, and the dervise was supporting him, he first noticed his hand, and that rather from the sensation it occasioned, than from its appearance. It was clammy and cold, as if from the grave; and casting his eyes upon it, the light was sufficient to shew that the skin, of a ghastly whiteness, was the only covering of the veins, sinews, and bones, that lay under it. That night they held no conversation; and the conjectures of de Mowbray employed a part of the morrow. He had heard of the mortifications the dervises impose upon themselves, and could attribute his appearance to no other cause. His visitors were, the ensuing night, later than usual; but they appeared to enter with less caution; and having performed their accustomed duty, and given him more substantial food than they had hitherto done, the dervise addressed him thus:

"I shall seize this opportunity to converse a short time with you; for your guard lies in a sound sleep, under the intoxication of opium. You, perhaps, will wonder to hear me speak French; but I have no time now to satisfy your curiosity: I wish to serve you, and will devote the time to that purpose only. All is now ready for your escape; and if you think it possible for you to walk two leagues, we will delay

lay our enterprise no longer than to-morrow night; for Hamet is daily expected. This Saracen woman, whom I glory to say is my convert, will accompany us; as also a negro lad. The liberated Christian will wait for us on the outside of the wall; and in a small creek, that communicates with the sea, is a boat, concealed among reeds and rushes; but is so ordered, as to be made ready to receive us in a few minutes: our passage from thence to the vessel will be a short one; and I trust the Holy Virgin will protect and guide us in safety."

"Fear not for me," answered de Mowbray:" my heart beats so light, that it presages success; only, if it be possible, bring me a sword. And now, I pray you, remove that hateful hood, which appears a damp on our friendship: it is the only favor I at present ask; hereafter I may intreat further; for so sincere a friend ought not to have a sorrow in which I do not bear a part."

"You ask a confidence that it would be more consonant with propriety to defer," answered the dervise, without removing his hood; "but not to make you suppose a mystery where there is in reality none, know, in the first place, I am a woman."—

"A woman!" interrupted de Mowbray, with evident surprise, and disappointment; "a woman!"

"Yes, a woman: but let not vanity for a moment misguide you: I served you as a Christian, without remembering you were a man. The disguise I adopted, was not only calculated to conceal my person, and satisfy my curiosity respecting yourself, but also necessary to make you the more readily receive the attentions I bestowed. Virtue, de Mowbray, hath no sex; and had the gallant leader of the Christians been an Ethiopian, he would have had the same claims on my humanity."

De Mowbray felt humiliated; he threw himself at her feet, and entreated her pardon, if surprise had made him appear less sensible of his obligations than he really was. "Rise!"

"Rise!" answered she; "the surprise was natural; and at once to cure you of curiosity, and remove all impression of improper motives, behold to what a state infidelity and wickedness have reduced me."

So saying, she threw back her hood, and discovered a face that filled de Mowbray at once with pity and admiration. The skin had apparently been of an alabaster whiteness, but was now of the deadly hue of the grave; and like that of the hands he had before seen, was the only covering of a set of features, whose beautiful symmetry nothing could destroy. The lips were livid; but the brow open; the eyes blue, and sparkling; and the whole cast of the countenance such as might have been chosen to personify a sainted soul, immured within a mortal body, that it was impatient to escape from.

The emotion of de Mowbray was not lost upon her; and finding he remained silent, she continued.

"A lingering but certain death hangs over me: medicine is vain; and my utmost wish is to die in a Christian country, to receive the last rites of our holy faith, and to deposit my dust in consecrated gound. Here, though the land is holy, the Christian wife of Hamet would share only the rites of the infidel mosque."

"Most respected of women, (answered de Mowbray,) my life is devoted to your service: we will escape, or perish. The wife of Hamet shall be to me as a sister, a monitress, to guide me to those duties, that, however I have honored, I have hitherto been negligent of performing."

"Consider me as a mother; for thirty-eight years have passed over my head, nineteen of which I have been a wife.—But we will away: recruit your strength by food; to-morrow we will not fail you."

So saying, she arose, and, attended by the Saracen woman, left the dungeon. The next day appeared one of the longest de Mowbray had ever known; but at length the long-wished for hour arrived, and the

lamp announced the wife of Hamet. She was not only accompanied by the Saracen woman, whom she called Malka, but also by the negro lad she had before mentioned. They were all covered with dark cloaks, and brought one for de Mowbray, whom they also presented with a sword.

All prepared, they in silence left the dungeon, replacing the chains and bolts as if the prisoner was still within. De Mowbray's situation, when brought thither, prevented his noticing the way; he was now more able to make observation. He found the dungeon was several feet below the surface of the earth, from whence it received light by the iron grating; and that about the mid-way, in the descent, was the apartment of his gaoler, whom he discovered, as he passed, buried in a lethargic slumber.

Having reached the entrance, Malka covered the lamp with her cloak; and passing several long passages, lighted only by the apertures to admit air, they at length reached the garden; which, though extensive, they speedily crossed, and entered a grove of date trees, at the extremity of which was a stone wall, of considerable height, overshadowed at top by the branches of the dates, and the lower part covered with shrubs and underwood.

Malka gave the lamp to de Mowbray, and assisted her mistress in removing a part of the branches, which in this place grew uncommonly thick; then striking on the wall, a voice from without asked, in an under tone, in the French language, if all was ready. The wife of Hamet answered in the affirmative; when immediately some large stones were removed, which had before been prepared for the purpose, and which left a sufficient opening to admit their going through on their knees. The women having passed, the negro, and then de Mowbray, followed; and joining the stranger, whom they called la Roche, they hastily closed the entrance, and extinguishing the lamp, walked forward. The exer-

tion, it was evident, was painful to the wife of Hamet; and de Mowbray and la Roche insisted on replacing Malka and the boy, who supported her on each side, by which means they were enabled to relieve her fatigue.

They had nearly reached the coast, when they encountered a Saracen guard of four, who asked who they were, and their business. La Roche replied, in their own language, that they were dealers in slaves, and came to Joppa, in order to receive some that were remitted there. This reply fortunately proved satisfactory; and the travellers soon reached the creek where the boat lay concealed, which they instantly launched, and entered. La Roche and de Mowbray snatched up the oars, and rowed with their utmost strength for near an hour, when they gained the road of Joppa, where the two vessels lay at anchor, one of which received them on board.

ON THE PASSIONS.

THE *passions* are the gales by which man must steer his course through the troubled ocean of life; they fill the sails which give motion to the soul; and when they become turbulent and impetuous, the vessel is always in danger, and generally runs a-ground. The petty cares and trifling vexations of life, however, give but short-lived disturbance to a heart free from remorse. Philosophy teaches us to forget past uneasiness, to forbear idle speculations of approaching felicity, and to rest contented with present comforts, without refining away our existing happiness, by wishing that which is really good to be still better. Every thing is much better than we imagine. A mind too anxious in the expectation of happiness, is seldom satisfied, and generally mixes with its highest fruition a certain portion of discontent. The stream of content must flow from a deliberate disposition in our own minds to learn what is good, and a determined resolution to seek for and enjoy it, however small the portion may be.

THE

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Among many inaccuracies and oversights in grammar and composition, the story is so closely connected, and worked with so much ingenuity, that a powerful interest is excited from the beginning of the first volume to the middle of the second; and, though suspense is there terminated, curiosity is kept alive to the conclusion of the book. The events are romantic, but natural. The writer has not encumbered his fable with episodes, which usually occupy paper, without seizing on the passions; nor embroidered his Italian scenery with convent-turrets, hanging larches, and the rest of those high-sounding words, to which many of his novel-writing brethren attach so much importance and effect. *Monthly Mirror.*

The Life of Sir Walter Ralegh, Knt. By Arthur Cayley, Jun. Esq. Two Vols. 4to. 1l. 16s.

Gibbon had once in his contemplation to do justice to the memory of Ralegh, as he informs us in the memoirs published by Lord Sheffield; but this intention he speedily relinquished for a more extensive theme. Mr. Cayley has at length undertaken the task which Gibbon contemplated, and in the two volumes before us has collected whatever can be necessary to render the reader acquainted with the character of Ralegh, and the circumstances in which he was placed. He has with diligence collected the information which lay scattered in various authors, and has likewise presented us with the narratives of those voyages in which Ralegh either bore a part in person, or with which he was in a particular degree connected. These narratives, indeed, swell out the work to a much greater length than it would otherwise have reached: but they are intimately connected with the history of Ralegh, and throw much light on the opinions and manners of the times in which he lived. *Literary Journal.*

Tracts and Observations on the salutary Treatment of Infants, not strictly Medical; comprehending a new System in Discipline and Management during the Period of infantile Life, &c. &c. &c. By Robert Bath, King Street, Portman Square. 8vo. pp. 164, 5s. Boards.

The title of this work informs us that its contents are principally intended for the use of mothefs; a circumstance which it is necessary to bear in mind during our examination of its merits. A performance which is destined for popular use should be perspicuous in its plan and arrangement; the principles which it lays down should be such as are easily understood, and generally recognized; and its style should be simple and unaffected. We shall afford our readers an opportunity of judging how far these characters are

applicable to the present volume. It commences with an address to mothers, in which, after having stated that females, from their natural constitution, are more easily impressed with tender feelings than males, the author attempts to prove, that they are fully competent to the acquisition of all the knowledge which is necessary for the education and nurture of their offspring. He even asserts, that they are better suited to the attainment of this object than the other sex; and he maintains that, in almost every instance, the female capacity is equal, if not superior, to the male.

Monthly Review.

A Medical Guide for the Invalid to the principal Watering Places of Great Britain; containing a View of the medical Effects of Water. 1. As applied to the Body in its simple State. 2. As exhibited in its impregnated or mineral Form. 3. As employed in this Form for the Cure of particular Diseases, with their Modes of Treatment: and, 4. As assisted in its Effects by the Situation and Climate of the Watering-places resorted to. By William Nisbet, M. D. 12mo. *pp.* 295. 5*s.* 6*d. Boards.*

This work professes to give a popular view of the effects produced by the different mineral waters that are employed in this country for medicinal purposes: in order to enable every one so far to judge of their nature, as to prevent him from injuring himself by their improper application. To accomplish this object, the author begins by taking a view of water in its simple state, with its effects on the body, either employed as an article of diet, or administered as a remedy for disease; and he next makes some remarks on its external application, in the form of bathing, fomentation, or vapor.

Monthly Review.

The Secret, a Novel. By Isabella Kelly. Four Vols. small 8vo.

'Ah! tremble! tremble! tremble!'—Lewis.

The above passage stands as the motto to these four volumes, and of course the first chapter opens with the 'stormy blasts of December blowing loud and fearful through the wild cloisters of a very ancient abbey, whose venerable fabric stood in mouldering magnificence on the margin of a rapid river.' We must confess that we took up these volumes with an impression from the title-page, that we should be disgusted with a large portion of trash, but we have been agreeably disappointed; and though Madame de St. Aubine, Berthaline, Julius, and Lord Glenclullen, are ladies and gentlemen whose characters must be familiar to novel readers, we

can

can assure them that the 'Secret' will excite their curiosity, and keep it awake to the end of the fourth volume. The style is superior to that of the general class of novels, and (what is of greater moment) the sentiments are pure. *Critical Review.*

Elements of Natural Philosophy, arranged under the following Heads: Matter and Motion; Mundane System; the Earth; Atmosphere; Meteors; Springs; Rivers; Seas; Fossils; Plants; Animals; Human Frame; and Human Understanding. 18mo. *pp.* 124. 2*s.*

The advantage of little scientific treatises for the use of youth, must be evident to all who consider that they may be rendered even much more amusing than idle tales. The present collection is truly *multum in parvo*, and includes almost all the more extraordinary phenomena of nature. The chapter on fossils, in particular, is compiled from the modern discoveries, but we were surprised to meet elsewhere some antiquated language in a selection otherwise very accurate and judicious. The general merit of the work induces us to wish these errors corrected, and a vocabulary of the passions added in the next edition to the analysis of the human understanding, with which the book concludes.

Critical Review.

A Northern Summer; or Travels round the Baltic, through Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Part of Germany, in the Year 1804. *By John Carr, Esq. Author of the Stranger in France, &c. &c.* 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.*

We are reluctantly compelled to pass by, without an extract, many pages of this interesting volume, which, in the perusal, have afforded us very great delight. We have before observed that Mr. Carr possesses the happy art of giving importance to trifles. Whatever he describes, possesses an interest which fixes the attention, and satisfies the mind. Even Russian Finland, in his transitory view of it, presents several characteristic sketches and incidents which less observing travellers would have left unnoticed. The chapters in which he treats of the city of Petersburgh, and the Russian character, will be read with peculiar avidity.

Monthly Mirror.

The Domestic Guide in Cases of Insanity; pointing out the Causes, Means of preventing, and proper Treatment of that Disorder. 2*s.*

We most heartily recommend this short treatise as a most useful offering to the public. It is intended for the direction of the unlearned, and even of the inexperienced; and for that reason it is written

written with all possible plainness. But it is pregnant with good sense; and there are few men of any description, who are called upon to take any share in the treatment of this malady, who will not be the better for carefully studying it. The author is by no means an ordinary man; more especially in that kind of knowledge which is principally useful in the management of this disorder—the knowledge of human nature. *Literary Journal.*

Fables, ancient and modern, adapted for the Use of Children from three to eight Years of Age. By Edward Baldwin, Esq. Two Vols. Adorned with Thirty-six Copper Plates. 12*mo.*

These fables will be "right welcome" at this present-making season. They are well selected, and told with great *naïveté*, in language perfectly on a level with the comprehension of the tender minds for which they are intended. The plan is new, and will afford both mirth and instruction. *Monthly Mirror.*

Eversfield Abbey. By the Authoress of the Aunt and the Niece. Three Vols. 12*s.*

Amidst the monstrous absurdities that appear under the name of novels, it is pleasant to find something entitled to positive commendation. This is an interesting story, which merits the extraordinary character of being both simple and natural. The characters are marked in such a manner as to shew that the author had observed human nature with attention; and the whole is calculated to afford considerable amusement without injury to the interests of morality. *Literary Journal.*

The Young Lady's and Gentleman's Atlas, &c. By John Adams. 8*vo.* 9*s.*

A neat, compact, and (we believe) pretty correct manual of geography, well adapted to be applied to the communication of this branch of knowledge in its most rational and effectual manner, namely, by putting an entertaining book of travels into one hand of the learner, and a portable book of maps into the other.
Critical Review.

Letters between the Rev. James Granger, M. A. Rector of Shiplake, and many of the most eminent Literary Men of his Time: composing a copious History and Illustration of his Biographical History of England. With Miscellanies, and Notes of Tours in France, Holland, and Spain. Edited by J. P. Malcolm, Author

Author of Londinium Redivivum. From the Originals in the Possession of Mr. W. Richardson. 8vo. *pp.* 534.

Granger's Biographical History of England has been too long known and esteemed as an entertaining and instructive work, to need any description or praise from us. It is also no secret, that what is termed *a Granger*, that is, his history illustrated with heads, is of fanciful value We recollect one which sold for *a thousand pounds*; and others more perfect exist, which could not, perhaps, be purchased for double that sum.

The composition of this *olla podrida* is pretty well explained in the title, to which we shall add some of the little information afforded by Mr. Malcolm.

"The following letters, and other miscellaneous papers, were procured by purchase from the family of the Rev. J. Granger, M. A. by Mr. Richardson, printseller, of York House, in the Strand: to authenticate these, I have annexed the autographs of the most eminent authors of them." *Monthly Mirror.*

Miscellaneous Plays, by Joanna Baillie. 8vo. *pp.* 438. 9*s.*

If the earliness of our notice were to be considered as any measure of our favor, the ingenious writer of these plays would have just reason to complain of us. But, in truth, we consider her poetry as too vigorous a plant to require any nursing from us; and secure of its natural progress, we have suffered it to give way to things which seemed more urgently to demand, from various causes, our attention. Yet we cannot but think it strange, in the present most deplorable state of our national drama, that no aid is sought by our theatres from a pen of such powers and such fascination as that of Miss Joanna Baillie. Half the originality, and half the fine writing, which she puts into any one of her tragedies, might serve to furnish out a legion of common dramas.

British Critic.

Travels in Trinidad, during the Months of February, March, and April, 1803, *in a Series of Letters, addressed to a Member of the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain. Illustrated with a Map of the Island. By Pierre F. Macallum.* 8vo. *pp.* 254.

This volume of Letters is of a very peculiar cast, and under the pretence of giving a view of the settlement of Trinidad, is, in reality, for the greater part, occupied with the discussion of some most extraordinary transactions which have occurred in the administration of that Island. The consideration of these circumstances would

would not only prove very interesting to the public at large, and tend somewhat to their instruction, and greatly to their amusement, but would afford ground for some discussions regarding the most proper method of governing those possessions which have fallen beneath the fortune of the British arms. But, as a great part of this subject is now under the consideration of more formidable tribunals than those of taste, our strictures must necessarily be restrained within those narrow bounds, which are prescribed by the customary delicacy of avoiding every appearance of endeavoring to influence the public mind before trial. *Critical Review.*

Poetic Sketches. By T. Gent. 12*mo. pp.* 120.

Mr. Gent pleasantly takes for his motto this couplet:

" In mercy spare me, when I do my best
" To make as much waste-paper as the rest—"

But we, who are tolerably in the secret of the quantity of paper printed to waste, and how it deserves its fate, cannot allow that his work verifies the assertion. To an easy and correct style of versification, our poet adds a feeling and spirit, both in his serious and lively compositions, that will, we think, for ever secure him from his dread:

" *Relentless trunk-makers and pastry-cooks.*" P. 14.

Monthly Mirror.

Fatal Curiosity; or, the Visions of Silvester. A Poem, in Three Books. By Joseph Bounden. 12*mo. pp.* 112. 4*s.* 6*d.*

This poem is written to shew the wisdom of the Creator, in denying to man a knowledge of futurity, and to prove the impossibility of supporting life under the dreadful anticipations arising from this knowledge, by the example of one to whom, in a dream, it is supposed to be granted. On the subject of *reading the Book of Fate*, Shakespeare has made our fourth Henry beautifully observe:—

"*O, if this were seen,*
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress thorough,—
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down, and die."

II. Hen. IV.

Monthly Mirror.

Conversations introducing Poetry: chiefly on Subjects of Natural History. For the Use of Children and young Persons.

Persons. By Charlotte Smith. Two Vols. 12*mo.* 7*s. Boards.*

Genuine talents, and amiable dispositions, cannot be more honorably employed, than in contributing to perpetuate their own benign influence from one generation to another. Among the numerous writers of reputation, who have devoted part of their leisure to the entertainment and instruction of the rising race, we are pleased to find the name of Mrs Smith; who, within the compass of two small volumes, has contrived to convey, in agreeable language, several striking facts and pertinent remarks. The principal subjects of conversation are pleasingly blended with collateral incidents, and important moral truths.

Of the little poetical epistles, a few are truly beautiful, and all rise above mediocrity. 'There are seven pieces,' says Mrs. Smith, 'not my own, some of them a little altered, to answer my first purpose of teaching a child to repeat them; and five of my own reprinted. Of the remainder, though the relation to whom I am obliged, objected to my distinguishing them by any acknowledgment, it is necessary to say, that where my interlocutors *praise* any poem, the whole or the greater part of it is *her's*.'

Monthly Review.

Poems suggested chiefly by Scenes in Asia-Minor, Syria, and Greece, with Prefaces extracted from the Author's Journal. Embellished with Two Views of the Source of the Scamander, and the Aqueduct over the Simois. By the late J. D. Carlyle, B. D. F. R. S. E. Chancellor of Carlisle, Vicar of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, and Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Durham. 4*to.* 149 *pp.* 1*l.* 1*s.*

The elegant talents, various learning, and early fate of Mr. Carlyle, infuse a strong interest for this volume into the breast of every classical and feeling reader. The poems with which the collection opens are particularly attractive; they relate to striking scenes in the East, and are prefaced by extracts from the author's journal, which fully explain their subjects. From this journal, further improved by the author's hand, and adorned with these poems, such a book of travels might have been formed, had his life been continued, as the world has seldom seen. In a poem on a moonlight view of Athens, the author seems in some melancholy lines, to prognosticate his own fate.

British Critic.

Cabinet

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLORED PLATES.

WALKING DRESS.

A Bonnet of Plum-colored Velvet. Spencer of the same; high Collar, and full Sleeves. A Mantle of Georgian embroidered Cloth over a Walking Dress of Cambric Muslin. Buff Gloves, and Boots.

FULL DRESS.

Cap and Veil ornamented with a Band of Plum-colored Figured Velvet. Dress of Pale Blue Muslin. White Muff, and Gloves. Pearl Armlets. White Shoes.

Note. The Subscribers to *The Lady's Museum* will please to observe, that the Writing Engraver, through mistake, has applied the Words "FULL DRESS" to the *Walking Dress*; and "WALKING DRESS" to the *Full Dress*; which was not discovered till too late for Alteration.

WALKING DRESS.

FULL DRESS.

Published March 1st 1806, by Vernor Hood & Sharpe, Poultry.

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The Apollonian Wreath.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF TWENTY,

By the Author of the "Peasant's Fate," *&c.*

FAREWELL, ye blissful hours! ye happy days
Of sportive youth! when, with the gamesome throng,
I us'd to frolic where the streamlet strays,
With murmur sweet the rushy meads along:

Beneath yon ancient oak's extensive shade,
In the brown field, or upland thicket nigh,
O'er the parch'd heath, or down the sunless glade,
Where wood-larks sing, and soothing breezes sigh.

A stranger to the varying scenes of life;
Devoid of ev'ry heart-corroding care—
Thoughtless, save how the brown thrush to deceive,
Or tempt the linnet to the slimy snare:

The scaly tenants of the stream t' entice;
To seize the lev'ret in her grass-grown cell—
Delight my fellows with some new device,
Or whip the top, or urge the ball with skill.

Ah! Nature then her loveliest charms display'd—
She lull'd me in the lap of rural ease;
And Fancy—dear enthusiastic maid!
With all her glitt'ring gew-gaws, sought to please.

Four lustres now their circles scarce have run,
And gaiety and pastime are no more;
Impervious clouds involve life's morning sun;—
Its dream is past, its novelties are o'er!

This bleeding heart, with anguish has resign'd
The early friend—the relative most dear;
Hope's roses fade—its thorns are left behind;
And what remains to chain affection here?

Ye moments! fly on Time's impetuous wing,
Swift pressing onward to your destin'd goal;
And soon—O soon, th' important period bring,
When *changeless bliss* shall satisfy the soul.

POOR ELLEN.

ACROSS yon heath, so dark and dreary,
See hapless Ellen wildly roam,
Unconscious that she's sick and weary,
To seek a long deserted home.

Still her form has many a beauty,
Still her radiant eye is seen,
Still her heart can feel its duty,
Still we mark her graceful mien.

Stranger! *that* Ellen I remember
Fragrant as the rose in June;
But there came a bleak November;
Ah! it nipp'd our blossom soon.

Soon the blooming rose was blighted,
Soon its sweets were flung away;
Villain man his victim slighted,
Now a broken heart will pay.

On that spot, where early pleasures
Mark'd each moment as it flew,
Drooping Ellen sought her treasures;
But they slept beneath the yew.

Hapless parents, broken hearted,
How they mourn'd their hapless child!
Now she from the villain parted,
Curs'd the hour that he beguil'd.

Now her faded form reposes,
Now her heart's soft play is o'er.
Fair ones, never sigh for roses;
Lovely Ellen's bloom no more.

THE DEATH OF NELSON;

A PARODY

ON

THE DEATH OF ABERCROMBIE,

Sung by Mr. Braham, *in the Comic Opera of* "Thirty Thousand."

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS near Trafalgar's rude and wave-worn coast,
Where sweeping surges lash the trembling shore,
And Spanish Nobles reign in Gothic pride;
But now Old England's best and proudest boast,
Since Vict'ry bade Britannia's thunders roar;
There NELSON conquer'd! and there NELSON died!!

AIR.

The dawn rose prophetic in tears, as she gave
Her soft beams of light to the sons of the wave;
On the day when brave NELSON, depriv'd of life's breath,
Sunk down in the arms of the angel of death!
Not his shipmates alone, but whole nations deplore
That to Victory's wreath he can never add more.

Whilst the crimson effusion flow'd fast from his heart,
He only felt sorrow from battle to part;
And still as life fled, he was anxious to know
How Britannia's brave offspring had dealt by the foe.
Not his shipmates alone, but whole nations deplore
That to Victory's wreath he can never add more.

But he heard with mute joy—"Now the foe strike or fly;"
And blest by success, it seem'd pleasure to die;
For he cried to his friends, who felt Grief's bitter smart,
"I've fulfill'd Britain's trust, and Death loses his dart!"

January 2d, 1806. J. M. L.

ODE ON WINTER.

LO, Winter comes in dread array,
With wind, and snow, and hail;
The clouds oppose bright Phœbus' ray,
And night o'er day prevails.
Now from his northern cavern freed,
Where all the summer long he lay,

Stern Boreas, bursting with his boisterous train,
Rides o'er the earth, and swells the roaring main.
Hark how the driving tempests roar,
And spreads a gloom around:
All nature shrinks, and seems to dread
The hollow dismal sound.

The vegetable kingdom lies
All dead beneath th' inclement skies:
The feather'd songsters of the wood
Grow tame, and seek man's haunt for food:
And now the red-breast's swelling throat
With music cheers the lonely cot;
Within the house the shivering songster comes;
How ill accord his notes with wint'ry glooms!
Nor they alone the horrors share
That dreary Winter brings;
But man partakes the general fare
That glooms the face of things.
The terrors of the parting year,
The clouds that in the heavens appear,
Make him with gloomy thoughts oppress,
And damp the wonted ardor of his breast.

O now may Charity extend
Her kind, all-cheering hand;
Her comforts spread to mitigate
The storms that sweep the land.
O would the Sons of Luxury,
With cheering hospitality,
From their abundance others' wants supply,
Who all exposed are to the inclement sky!

Yet e'en in Winter's horrid face
What shining marks appear
Of that Almighty Power that rules
The changes of the year!
The earth depriv'd of Winter's use,
Sweet smiling Spring would then refuse
To put forth buds and kindly showers;
Nor Summer dress the fields with flowers;
Nor Autumn would the land adorn
With stores of fruit and yellow corn.
What pleasure on the wint'ry nights attend,
When to th' instructions of the dead we bend;
Or to their glorious deeds or thoughts aspire,
Securely seated round our cheerful fire!

W. N.

A TRIBUTE TO BRAVERY.

THE solemn pomp, the mournful pageant's o'er,
And gallant Nelson from our eyes is clos'd:
He'll for his country raise his arm no more,
In the deep silence of the tomb repos'd.

O'er his lov'd manes Fame's proud pinions spread,
And guardian angels round in silence wait:
Protect the ashes of the sacred dead;
Bend o'er his tomb, and weep his early fate.

Oft to the spot shall kindred souls repair,
The bold commander, and the seaman brave;
For his repose breathe forth the ardent pray'r,
And drop Affection's tribute on his grave.

The aged tar, in England's cause grown grey,
With trembling lips will press the marbled tomb,
Dash from his cheek the scalding tear away,
And grieve he shar'd not his Commander's doom.

Thus Hope will whisper to his anxious breast;
"Ere long, old man, shalt thou in realms above
"Rejoin his form, in robes of brightness drest,
"Enjoy again his smiles, and share his love."

His name shall animate Old England's tars
To deeds of glory worthy of the brave:
Then home return'd, with conquest, and with scars,
They'll haste to strew their laurels o'er his grave.

There will they tell, (by fond remembrance taught,)
Whilst gratitude and love their bosoms warm,
How oft with him victoriously they've fought,
With him how oft have brav'd the angry storm.

To their sad hearts will memory declare,
No more with him the foe they'll nobly face;
Then on his monument, in mute despair,
They'll cast one look, and sighing quit the place.

Brave sharers of his perils and his fame!
The bright example which he gave, pursue;
Surrounding nations will your worth proclaim,
And England's Hero still survive in you.

Illustrious Nelson! dauntless Chief! farewell!
Their golden harps for thee shall angels string:
Glory's bright rays around thy head shall dwell,
And from thy tomb unfading laurels spring.

January 11th, 1806. SUSAN.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MY SISTER-IN-LAW.

I.

SLEEP on, sleep on, my sister dear,
Peaceful and sweet be thy repose;
Oh! may it chace the dewy tear,
Thy cheek regain its rose,
My own dear Mary.

II.

Whilst half the world is hush'd in sleep,
And envied souls forget their cares,
I, planted near thy pillow, weep,
And whisper soft to Heaven my prayers
For thee, lov'd Mary.

III.

The aching head's at length reliev'd,
No more thy cheeks with fever glow;
Whilst I, almost of hope bereav'd,
Pray such a lot you ne'er may know,
But peace, my Mary.

IV.

Methought your cheek look'd sweetly fair,
Nor knew a pain was thine;
Yet fear'd that cheek was pal'd with care,
Whilst fondly prest to mine,
It glow'd, my Mary.

V.

Sleep on, the storm disturbs not thee,
May sweetest forms flit round thy pillow,
For waking now, you'd weep with me,
For him, who sought the ocean's billow,
Deserting Mary.

VI.

Soon, sweet sleeper, we must sever,
Then thy tears will flow for me;
Cease, nor let them stream for ever,
Sure in Heaven peace will be
Mine, my Mary.

VII.

And when this care-worn form reposes,
Let the willow planted be;
Leave the lilies, leave the roses;
They have never blown for me,
In this world, Mary.

DORA.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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TRIBUTE

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE LATE LORD NELSON.

HOW shall the Muse her trembling lays impart,
When grief and joy successive strike the heart;
When Vict'ry on her favor'd sons hath shed
Immortal glory; and when NELSON bled?
Oh, name! for ever glorious, ever dear,
While yet thy relics grace their honor'd bier,
Accept this heart-felt boon—your country's tear.
Swift on my soul th' enraptur'd accents steal;
Can language paint the loss 'tis ours to feel?
Here let my pen pursue its wavering course,
Forgive each error—but reflect the source,
How small the tribute these my lines can pay!
My heart shall dictate, and my hand obey.
Sun of his age! the godlike hero stood
Alike impatient to be brave and good.
His manly breast each patriot virtue knew;
Surpass'd by none, yet equall'd by how few!
In danger resolute, in temper mild;
Liv'd but to conquer; conquest ne'er defil'd.
Full oft the vanquish'd wretch, at life's last gasp,
Whom fell Revenge had seiz'd with lion-grasp,
Has tasted sweet this Hero's tender care;
With him, till death, would ev'ry peril share.
His actions witness'd what his heart had sign'd;
Great without envy, without weakness kind.
When duty call'd, then fir'd his soul's alarm,
And doubly nerv'd the vigour of his *arm!*
Firm in his GOD, he knew none else to fear;
The cannon's roar was music to his ear.
Proud of his fate, press'd eager to the fight,
Soon taught her fickle foes Britannia's might.
Late taunting France, and truant Spain, combin'd
To crush the world, (perchance *themselves* they'll find,)
NELSON stept forth, their two-fold hosts defied,
Saw Victory dawn, then blest his GOD, and died!
Great man! what thousand honors seal thy doom!
And e'en thy foes shall catch the living gloom;
Shall tell to after-ages, with a sigh,
Learn how he liv'd, and strive like him to die!
His lion-heart contemn'd each pompous threat,
Saw tyrants crush; then fought for Honor's debt.
His glorious aim was freedom; (great the cause,
A Briton's boast! whose name a Despot awes;)
His Sovereign's people—and his country's laws.

Navies

Navies transfix'd, when NELSON gave the word,
"And nations wonder'd, while they dropt the sword!"
One scene of glory crown'd his brilliant days;
In Danger's hardiest hours he form'd his bays!
England's blest victor—cover'd o'er with scars!
Whose name shall live till earth can know no wars!
Great e'en in death, no time can blot thy fame;
Tyrants still hear, and tremble at thy name!
Whilst Sympathy throughout revolving years,
Shall grace thy laurels with thy Country's tears!

January 6, 1806. J—— K——Y.

STANZAS TO ELIZA.

I.

WHILE in each face, in every act
The marks of joy we see,
My Muse will not refrain to join
The universal glee.

II.

Accept, Eliza, from thy friend
The trifling gift I bring:
Tho' others richer presents make,
A poet's is—to sing.

III.

I hail the day, I hail the morn,
I hail that happy hour,
When at the sacred altar Love
With Hymen joins his power.

IV.

When thus the radiant power divine
The happy pair address,
"Go taste the sweets that we prepare
"To joy the virtuous breast."

V.

But yet, methinks, amid the joys
That all around appear,
I saw Eliza heave a sigh,
And drop a silent tear.

VI.

Yes, 'tis to leave her friends she grieves,
To leave those pleasant bowers,
Where rural pleasures, rural scenes,
Have pass'd away the hours.

THE

THE SCHOOL BOY.

BY HENRY SKIDMORE.

SWEET retrospection, whence thy wond'rous powers,
To cheer our life, and pass the heavy hours?
In Fancy's pleasing form again to taste
The pleasures of those days that now are past:
Tho' but ideal, still they can impart
A glad sensation to the drooping heart;
And force a smile from wrinkled age and care,
And make us wish again such joys to share.
Thrice happy days! where yet the vacant mind,
In each small incident a joy could find.
Thus *Will* would catch each phantom of the day,
And try the fleeting joys of life to stay:
If dread correction overtook his bliss,
Or other sorrows marr'd his happiness,
He, the next moment, careless of the pain,
Wipes off his tears, and joins in play again.
Is this not wisdom, which instructs the mind
Some antidote for mis'ry still to find;
To husband moments, which too quickly fly,
And, as they pass, make each produce its joy?
When adolescency his sports controul,
Or manhood mark fresh pleasures for his soul,
Though graver objects may his hours employ,
And novelty afford a transient joy,
Or serve the vacancy of sense to fill,
True they are chang'd, but are as trivial still.
While I on Fancy's flighty pinions soar,
Retracing pleasures which now charm no more,
Connected scenes attract my wandering eyes,
In quick succession as they seem to rise.
In thought I stray among the rustling trees,
Inhaling life and health from every breeze:
My devious steps now trace the rivulet's source,
Or on its margin mark its wand'ring course.
Now on a sloping hill I take my stand,
And view the beauties of the fertile land;
Here the proud park appears for Pleasure's train,
There the brown heath, "chill Poverty's domain;"
Each tree, each bush, that memory holds dear,
In native beauty, o'er the plain appear.
Whence do these thoughts a pleasing joy impart,
And thrill with rapture thus a sinking heart?
Is it that they recal that little space
When youth was doom'd fair learning's page to trace?

Yet

Yet who can tell the trouble of that day,
When to'ards this then dread spot *Will* bent his way?
His bosom heav'd with many a sigh sincere,
As still he mark'd the destin'd day draw near,
When he should quit that peaceful place his home,
From whose sweet precincts he ne'er wish'd to roam.
He wander'd round its well known haunts once more,
And in thought acted former frolics o'er:
His feet unwilling trace the winding road,
That leads him from his earliest, best abode.
As thus he travers'd on his destin'd way,
His thoughts, in mournful accents, seem'd to say,
"Oh that again I may these scenes retrace,
"And taste once more, the pleasures of this place.
"How oft I've frolick'd o'er yon level lawn,
"To hail the pleasures of a summer's morn!
"That glen, impervious to the eye of day,
"Afforded shelter from Sol's piercing ray;
"While the soft murmuring rivulet's tepid wave,
"At noon day's heat, my limbs was wont to lave."
But soon he's seen among the youthful throng,
Their little sports endeavouring to prolong:
No other happiness sought he to know,
Than what each trivial object could bestow:
Unerring from his hand, the ball took flight,
Or pois'd with skill in air, the paper kite.
Yet, oft at ease retir'd, *Will's* thoughts would stray
Beyond the pleasures of the present day,
And rest on objects doubly dear to view,
From the blest spot, where first his breath he drew;
Or else where troubles caus'd the falling tear,
Such as attend on learning's slow career:
His view still homeward turn'd, and, with a sigh,
Bid the sad separating moment fly:
Or now indulging Fancy's wider flight,
Thro' Hope's blest medium, shares in pure delight;
Beholds completion crown his young ideas,
And sees fresh pleasures in succeeding years.

POWER OF LOVE.

WHAT pains! what weakness! mark the lover's name,
Whilst sighs and tears his suff'ring heart proclaim!
Now dreams of bliss transport his happy breast;
Now fears alarm, and rob him of his rest!
O, Love, resistless pow'r! thou foe to peace!
When shall these inward, heart-felt, struggles cease?

When

When shall this breast a happier state attain,
And own Thee still a joy, yet free from pain?
O how, Eliza, say—for thine the art
To sink and raise, to wound and heal this heart.
Thy dear-lov'd smiles can banish ev'ry care;
Thy look of coldness sink me to despair.
O piteous weakness! how can I reveal
These pains I suffer, or my griefs conceal?
Where now is pride? of man the wonted boast;
Where is the firm resolve? thus feebly lost.
Alas! nor pride, nor firm resolve, avails,
When love triumphant all my breast assails!
Ill can this wounded heart his force withstand,
And all before him yields at his command.
O, Love! as great thy pow'r, so wide thy sway!
Do not all Nature's sons thy voice obey?
Man, too, thy captive, must thy chains receive;
Man, tho' the world's great lord, of love the slave!
Yet, oh! how poor, how abject seems my soul!
How weak that man, himself who cannot rule!
Hence, then, each coward thought, each servile fear,
And learn, my heart, thy worst of pains to bear!—
No murmur hence shall e'er these lips profane;
Not coldest looks shall tempt me to complain;
But *Thou*, O dear Eliza, shou'd thine ear
Perchance a sigh from this poor bosom hear;
Or shou'd thine eye perhaps a tear survey,
As down this cheek it steals its silent way;
O! chide them not—be tender to my grief;
And know, that this thy care will instant give relief.

E.

ENIGMA.

BY MR. FITCH.

WHEN o'er the summit of yon Eastern steep
Bright Sol irradiant darts his golden beams,
And pearly drops fall glittering from the spray,
Where the sweet thrush tunes her melodious strain,
Beneath th' umbrageous foliage I am seen.
Or as the ruddy maid, on nimble toe,
Trips o'er the lawn with Brindle's reeking store,
I follow oft, or sport beside her path
In full proportion, and of comely shape;
But as the orb of day refulgent rolls
Till Nature droops beneath the noon-tide beam,
In gradual decay, I'm doom'd to waste;
And mutilated oft my uncouth form
Falls prostrate by some weary wretch's side,

At

At masquerades, where Pleasure's vot'ries rove
Conceal'd in forms by busy Fancy giv'n,
I wanton too—in attitude now fix'd,
Now sportive joining with the jocund throng:
Not ever-changing Proteus did assume
The varied shapes that are in me beheld:
Oft with gigantic stride I pace the plain,
Then rest diminutive between the ranks
Of glittering vessels, station'd to receive
The smoking tide, with China's fragrance fraught.
With lovely Delia on the downy couch,
Then with fierce lions on Numidia's plains;
Or where young Colin wooes the blushing maid.
When even sacred Friendship's hallow'd step
Would be unwelcome—oft I lurk behind:
But youths and virgins deprecate me not,
For I'm no babbler.—Here the Muse must rest.

Braintree,
January 9th, 1806.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADE

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Liver-pool.

Correspondence, &c.

The Charade *on* GLASS *is not clear enough to afford a probability of its being discovered; and that on* MUSICIAN, *falls under the same predicament.*

The following are received, and will appear as soon as prior Communications are published, viz. "Letter from a young Man to his Father;"—"Ah, what is Life?"—"Stanzas to a Snow-Drop;"—"Ode to Simplicity;"—*and* "Love disarmed," *by* J. B—wd—"To Delia," *by* Dr. Perfect;—"On a temperate Morn," *by the* Same;—R. W. *on the* "Death of a favorite Dove;"—"Charades, *by* J. M. L.—Fidelis "On a young Lady's Marriage;"—"Elegy, *by* H. S. G.—*and* "Wilhelm's Daughter, *a Ballad.*"

Our Correspondents must, *and our Readers* will, *excuse us, if, the lamented Death of Lord Nelson, we almost grow fastidious.*

It is only the difficulty of procuring the Portraits of such Ladies of rank, talent, or character, as we wish to present our fair Readers with, which sometimes occasions an intermission of them. The Proprietor will be greatly obliged to any who will favor them with Miniatures, &c. of such Subjects, or procure them of their Friends, of which great care will be taken both in using, and to return them.